THE Gentile Sinner, OR, *England's Brave* GENTLEMAN: Characterized *In a Letter to a Friend,* Both *As he is, and as he should be.*

By CLEM: ELLIS, M. A. Fellow of Qu. Coll. *Oxon.*

The Second Edition.

1 Cor. 1. 26. *Not many Noble are called.*

——Sanctus haberi,
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem. *Juv. Sat.* 8.

OXFORD,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,

MY HONOURED FRIENDS,

Sr. PHILIP MUSGRAVE

Knight and Baronet,

AND

Sr. GEORGE BENNTON

Knight,

The Author wiſhes all Grace, Health, and Honour here, and Happineſſe hereafter.

Right Worſhipfull,

You who have been ſo long a time ſharers both in the ſame great *Vertues*, and, for them, in the ſame great *Sufferings*; be pleaſed too, to ſhare in this ſmall tribute, for

I have bin long indebted to your Goodness. Your Name, I confesse, are either of them too great to stand in the front of so inconsiderable a paper as this, wherewith I here present you; and might make a suitable *Frontispice* to some farre more excellent Tract. Whatever this be, which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps *need*, but I fear it *deserves* not, I am sure it does not now come abroad to *seek a Patron*. The reason why I address it to you, is an Ambition I have, to bring the World better acquainted with so great a part of its own *Treasure*: & to make it know, there be yet (after all

these

those *draining times*) some such Worthy persons as *your selves*; whom even they, who are (to a *Christian Stoicism*) enemies to the present *World*, dare both *love* & *honour*. Were it my business to seek out an *Instance* of the *genuine*, or a *Pattern* whereby to correct the *Spurious* and degenerate Gentleman, I should despaire to fit my self better, then I may in *You*, in whom after so many *killing* Afflictions the World may yet behold a true *Religion* and *Loyalty* surviving your *Fortunes*. I might well fear, should the *Reader* know you as well as *I*, his *expectation* by the view of your prefixed *Names*, would be

raised too much above the Contents of the following *Letter*: and therefore I shall, no lesse out of *Charity* to mine own *Infirmities*, then from a due *Reverence* to that known *Modesty* which Crowns your many other Noted *Vertues*, forbear any further to display your *Merits*: only this I would have the World to know, and do beg you to believe, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my selfe 28 MR 59

Right Worshipfull

Yours in all Christian Services

C. E.

To the Reader.

IT is a Formality *very much in Fashion of late amongst Writers, to* Complement *the Reader, give him a view of his following* Entertainment, *in a large* Præface *to every little Pamphlet. I intend not to usher abroad this rude* Letter *in so great* State; *neither will I play the* Gentleman *so much, as to tyre out my* Reader *with feigned* Apologies *for that* Course *faire he is like to have anon. I am not without some of those* Common Sanctuaries, *wherein many Writers can Phancy themselves so secure from all* Censure; *but I dare not* pretend *to those I have not, and those I have I* Slight. Reader, *the plain truth is, this* Letter *is not now sent out, to prevent or decry any* Surreptious Copy, *neither meerly to satisfie the* Importunity *of my* friends: *Nor yet am I willing so much to humour either thy* Curiosity, *or the* Common Vanity, *as to tell thee what* Inducements *I had to this* Publication;

If

If what thou shalt here read, either Concern *or thee not, I am sure* those *cannot.*

Perhaps thou art one of those, who may read their Names *and* Characters *in the former part of the following* Letter; *If so, it would be time and pains ill lost to talke with thee* now. *If thou canst be so much the* Master *of thy Passion, as to read thy self over herein with* Patience, *and without either* Oath *or* Curse, *for the* Paper *or its* Authour; *I shall begin to hope there may yet be a* Possibility *of a return to thy* selfe *and to thy* God. *Till then, what ever cause thou hast to* Carp *at the* Book, *or* Revile *the* Author; *I am bold to tell thee, I have much more, to* Slight *thy* Speeches, *and* Pitty *thy* Folly, *I* value *as little thy* Censure, *as I have reason to* Envy *thy* Conversation; *I* dread *as much thine* Applause *as I* scorn *thy* Derision; *and this I do no lesse then I* abhorre *thy* life, *or* pray *for thy* Conversion.

When thou art willing to understand *what may do thee* Good, *it will be* seasonable *for me to say more; and tell thee, that if thou would'st be a* Gentleman, *there is a* Book *extant, which for that End, well deserves thy* Study, *and thy* Practice. *At present it is too noble a* Jewel *to be thrown to such a* Swine. *If*

the

the Courſer *and more* homely Diet *I here offer thee, may beget in thee* (*though by loathing it*) *a liking to that far* richer Diſh; *It will be* then *enough for my* Ambition, *as it is now too much for my* Hopes.

That most Singular piece of Impartiall Truth, *and unparallell'd* Ingenuity; *of most Cogent* Reaſon, *and Inſinuating* Rhetorick; *of most ſage* Advice, *and Religious* Inſtruction; *which abundantly commends it ſelfe to thy ſerious* peruſall, *and its* Author (*were not his ſtrange* Modeſty, *as much our* Enemy, *in Concealing his* Name, *as his* Piety *and* Ingenuity *our* friends, *in diſcovering his* worth) *to thy Intimate* acquaintance; *bears for its* Title, *what thou by thy Practiſe laboureſt to prove a* Contradiction, THE GENTLEMANS CALLING. *This* Book *would Certainly teach thee to be, didſt thou not think thy ſelfe too wiſe to learn, all that becomes a* Chriſtian Gentleman: *as another* Practical piece *which for its* Excellency *is rationally ſuppoſed the work of the ſame* Pious *and* Ingenious *hand, would make thee, if uſed aright, a* Chriſtian Man: *I mean that* Book, *the* Title *whereof ſpeaks much, yet no more then the* Contents *doe verifie* THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

MAN. *Read these two soberly, and practise them constantly; and, though thou burn'st this paper, thou shalt never persuade me, not to think thee a* Man, *a* Gentleman, *and a* Christian. *But if in some or other of thy* Mad Moods *thou shalt* rage *and* foam *against what here I send thee, play the* Critick *upon it amidst thy* Pots, *or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be* Frolick *and* Jolly: *the* Paper *may suffer, and thou may'st spit in my* face; *but know, I have a* Christian name, *thou can'st not* stain: *and a* Charitable Intention; *thou can'st as little vitiate, as thou hast hitherto deserved it.*

But if (Sir) *you be one of those brave* souls, *whose* Merits *are above their* Names; *whose* Honours *are not dumb* Idolls, *neither their* Vertues shadowes; *and yet vouchsafe to cast an Eye upon this* flat *and* unstudy'd *piece of meer* Obedience: *Your* Candor *will save me the customary* Ceremony *of a long* Apology; *seeing I am assured you can sooner* pardon *an* Hundred *faults, then the other* find one; *your* Goodnesse *by a constant practise of all vertues being as much* augmented, *as his* Judgment *by an Endlesse succession of most sottish debaucheries is dayly* Impared. *Who-*

To the Reader.

Whoſoever you be, who chance to hit upon this paper; let it ſuffice you to know, that it is but a Letter; *and that, an Imperfect birth after a* Fortnight's *labour. It had never ventured ſo farre abroad, had not better eyes then the* Author's *directed it forth. The beſt on't is,* Cenſures *I regard not,* Frowns *I feare not,* Criticiſmes *I ſmile at, and* Derisions *I laugh at. The* Stile *('tis true) is rough; I had rather be* told *of it, then loſe ſo much* time *as to ſmooth it: Many things are* Blunt *and* Flat, *It is my* Humour, *often to prefer a plain* truth, *before a Witty* Phancy: *The* Phraiſe *in many places is* tart, *and* provoking; *I hope it will appear in all my Actions, that I ſtudy not to* pleaſe, *but* profit. Reader, *Call me what thou wilt,* Stoick, *or* Fool, *or* Clown, *or* Madman, *I am willing, with all my heart, to ſeem any or all of theſe, to reform a* Sinner. *If in any place thou think'ſt I deal uncivilly with thee, give me leave to ask thee--*where? *If in the* former *part, What buſineſſe hadſt thou* there. *Either thou art indeed the* man *there deſcribed; and then, why art thou angry, that I ſay the* truth? *Or elſe thou art one of the* Better *ſtamp; keep thee then in thine own place, & I am confident, I ſhall do thee* right. *Art thou the* true Gentleman?

tleman? *thou canst not so far mistake thy self, as to think the* Character *of the* false *will fit thee:* Art *thou the* False? Thine own *Confession* quits me of the *Scandall:* And I hope *thou shalt here find thy selfe so much in thine own* colours, *that thou shalt be so farre out of love with thy selfe, as to know the least* commendation *of thee could be no lesse then a* flattery. *If this little labour of mine may do thee* good, *it is* therefore *worthy of thine acceptance, and I bid thee heartily* welcome: *If thou seest nothing in it worth the reading, use thy freedome, I may lose my* labour, *neither thou nor I shall never lose my* charity.

Instead of a longer Preface, *I commend to thy reading the words of a* Reverend Doctor, *whose exemplary* Piety, Learning, Judgment, Moderation *are sufficiently known to the greatest part of our* English *Nation.*

Dr SANDERSON *in his* Sermon *on the* 1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (*meer* or *parcel*) *Gallants*, who live in no setled course of life, but spend halfe *the day* in *Sleeping*, half *the night* in *gaming*, & the rest of their time in other *pleasures* & *vanities*, so as little purpose as they can devise; as if they were born for nothing else but to eat and drink, and snort and sport; who

are

are ſpruce and trim as *the Lillies* (Solomon *in all his Royalty was not cloath'd like one of theſe.*) yet they neither *ſow*, nor *reap*, nor carry into Barn; they neither *labour*, nor *Spin*, nor do any thing elſe, for the good of humane ſociety: Let them know, there is not the pooreſt *Contemptible* Creature, that eyeth *Oyſters* and *Kitchinſtuffe* in the ſtreets, but deſerveth his bread better, than they; and his courſe of life is of better eſteem with God, and every ſober wiſe man, than theirs. A *Horſe*, that is neither good for *the way*, nor *the cart*, nor *the race*, nor *the wars*, nor any other *ſervice*; let him be of never ſo good a breed, never ſo well marked and ſhaped; yet he is but a *Jade*: his Maſter ſetteth no ſtore by him, thinketh his meat ill beſtow'd on him; Every man will ſay, better knock him on the head then keep him; his *skin*, though not much worth, is yet better worth then the whole *beaſt* beſides.

Conſider this, you that are of *Noble* and *Generous* birth. Look unto *the Rock*, whence you were hewen; and to *the pit*, whence you were digged. Search your *Pedigrees*; Collect the Scatter'd *Monuments* and *Hiſtories* of your *Anceſtors*: and obſerve by what ſteps your worthy *Progenitors* raiſed their houſes to the height of *Gentry* and *Nobility*. Scarce ſhall you find a man of them, that gave any acceſſion, or brought any noted eminency to his houſe; but either ſerving in *the Camp*, or ſweating at the *Bar*, or waiting at *the Court*, or adventuring on *the Seas*, or trucking in his *Shop*, or ſome other way induſtriouſly beſtirring himſelf in ſome ſetled *Calling*, and Courſe of life. You *uſurp* their *Armes*, if you *inherit* not their *Vertues*, and thoſe *enſignes* of *honour* and *Gentry* which they

they by induſtry atchieved, ſit no otherwiſe upon your ſhoulders, than as rich *trappings* upon *Aſſes* backs, which ſerve but to render the poor beaſt more ridiculous. If you by bruriſh ſenſuality, and ſpending your time in ſwiniſh luxury, *ſtain* the *colours*, and *embaſe* the *mettals* of thoſe badges of your *Gentry* and *Nobility*, which you claim by deſcent? think, when we *worſhip* or *honour* you, we do but flout you; and know, the *titles* we in Courteſy give you, we beſtow upon their memories, whoſe degenerate off-ſpring you are, and whoſe *Arms* you unworthily bear; and they do no more belong to you, than the reverence the good man did to *Iſis*; belong'd to the *Aſſe* that carry'd *her Image*.

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THE GENTILE SINNER,

OR,

England's *Brave Gentleman.*

Honoured Sir,,

I Am very much indebted to your moſt obliging *Goodneſs*, for that great and undeſerved *Freedom*, you were pleaſed to allow me in our laſt *Diſcourſe*: And I am ſo *Confident* to meet with the ſame *Goodneſſe* ſtill, that I ſhall not *fear* to expreſſe as great a *Boldneſſe* in theſe following lines.

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is a *Gentleman indeed*, that in *his* language (for in *better*, I am ſure, I cannot) I may learn how to ſhame his *Counterfeit*; and with *him* too, who has no more then the

bare *Name*, that I may thereby gain an opportunity of propoſing to him ſomething better then *himſelf*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confeſſe I am often apt, more then well becomes me, in the preſence of *Perſons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh ſomewhat *Satyrically* againſt ſuch as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miſcall* by ſo good a name; which might give any man of leſſe *Candor* and *Courteſie* then *Your ſelf* (Sir) a juſt occaſion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wiſe*. What your *reſentments* were of my laſt *unponder'd* expreſſions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* paſſe for my *Sentence*, and let this *proſecution* of that too *Inconſiderate* diſcourſe (I beſeech you) ſerve for my *penance*.

You were pleaſed to require a Summary of my thoughts, concerning our *preſent Engliſh Gentleman*, both as to what he *is*, and what he *ſhould be*. I muſt not tax you of *Indiſcretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*; and therefore I ſhall rather chooſe to ſhew you your *Charitable miſtake*; by my *ready Obedience*, then by

by an *unſeaſonable modeſty*, *ſeem* to queſtion your *judgement*: The *taſk* enjoyn'd me is in it ſelf ſo *odious*, that nothing *leſſe* then that *higheſt* reſpect I have for the worthy *impoſer*, could make it *welcome*; and it carries ſo great a *diſproportion* to my *weaker* Faculties, that nothing, but *too* great an *affection* in you (Sir) could make it appear *poſſible*. To tell you, what the *Gentleman is*, requires an *experience*; and to ſay what he *ſhould be*, muſt ſuppoſe a *Breeding* far above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you mean *him* whoſe *real virtues* are ſuch as have indeed *merited* him the name: I could go a very compendious way to work, and ſhow you him in as fair a piece as *virtue* can *draw*, or the *World imitate*, by directing your eye to that object, which *beſt* deſerves it: You muſt needs know *your ſelf* too well, (Sir) to be *ignorant* whom I mean. But for the *other*, whom we then took the *boldneſſe* to talk of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, thot one ſo little acquainted with the preſent *Garbs* and *Modes* of the world, as without *bluſhing I* dare confeſſe my ſelf to be, ſhould be able to preſent you

with his perfect *portraiture.*

To be ſhort, Sir, *You* are too *well* acquainted with the *true Gentleman*, to think your ſhall ever read him any where better deſcribed then you find him *at home*: and *I* am too *little* acquainted with his *counterfeit*, to preſume *I* may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, till *I* uſe to go more, then *I* hope in haſt *I* ſhall do, *abroad.* However, I'd rather betray my *Ignorance* of what *I* could never yet eſteem well *worth* my knowledge, then the leaſt *diſreſpect* to a *Perſon*, whoſe long-experienced *Goodneſſe* hath abundantly merited the beſt of my *ſervices.* Such a *proſpect* therefore as *I* could have of him, whileſt *immured* up within the *narrow* compaſſe of a *Dark* Study, I ſhall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as *plain Engliſh* as I can, tell you what *I* think both of the *Man* and his *ſhadwo.*

But before *I* begin to deſcribe him, *I* find it neceſſary for me to premiſe unto you this *cautious requeſt*--That you would be pleaſed to believe *I* do not *make*, nor take *pleaſure* to *ſee*, thoſe *wounds*, which *you* have perſwaded me to *uncover*; for

I cannot but foreſee too many of them, through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, ſo altogether *foſter'd* and *Nauſeous*, that as they will try your *patience* to behold them, ſo will they even *dare* your *faith* to *believe* them: and this I ſhall further beg of you, that ſeeing to ſerve you I am *forced* to take the *Liberty* of a more *open*, and ſometimes *biting* expreſſion; you would not debar me of the *Priviledge* of an *Impartial*, yet *friendly*, *Cenſurer*; one who had much rather *loſe* a *friend*, then *tolerate* a *fault*: Or the *beneficial Severity* of a *Faithfull Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the *ſmart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*, and is excuſable; though ſometimes he ſeem ſo hard-hearted as to *diſregard* the *lamentable* outcries, and moſt *moving* groans of his *afflicted* Patient; not ſparing his *Probe*, till he have throughly ſearch'd the *wound*.

I muſt in Good Earneſt tell the *Gentleman*, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiſeration* outgo my *Reprehenſions* and *reproofs*: And that my *hearty prayers* both now *are*, and ever *ſhall be*, much more *for* him, then my *unpleaſing Invectives* can be *againſt*

him. The *later* are onely ſent out to *invite* him to take ſome *knowledge* and *compaſſion* of himſelf; but the *former* aſcend as high as Heaven to implore Gods *Mercy* and *Pitty* towards him. For *I* know it, (let him entertain as *flattering* thoughts as he will of himſelf) the *world* has not had ſince the fall of *Adam*, a more *miſerable* Spectacle, than this poor wretched *Leaper*, the *debauched* Gentleman: who doubtleſſe, were he not ſo *complacently* acceſſary to his own *Miſery*, ſo *obſtinately* bent upon, and *ſolicitouſly* ſtudious of his own *overthrow*, would be no oftner *beheld* than *pitied*.

But ſeeing his daily *practice* perſwades me, that his main *induſtry* is a *deſign* to *ruine* himſelf, his conſtant *Profeſſion* an open *defiance* to his *Happineſſe*: ſeeing his chief *delight* ſeems to be placed in *looking* upon his own *ſores*, and his continual *ſtudy* is how to *increaſe* them: Seeing he eſteems nothing ſo *dangerous* as *reall goodneſſe*, and every day proclaims open *Hoſtility* againſt whatever ſhall bring along with it that *unwelcome charity* of preſerving him from *Hell*: ſeeing he la-

bours

bours to expreſſe a deadly *feud* betwixt *himſelf* and his own *ſoul*, and dreads no *torments* ſo much as the *joyes* of *Heaven*, ſeeing the *buſineſſe* of his whole life is to *ſpoile* a *Gentleman*: Without all doubt, the *ſafeſt* way now to *be* his *friend* is to *ſeem* his *enemy*, the readieſt means of *making* the *Chriſtian* is to *vex* the *Gentleman*, and the hopefulleſt method of *healing* his *ſores*, is firſt to *ſearch* them till they *ſmart*. There's no way to deal with a man in a *Swoon*, but to pinch him by the noſe, and to *daſh* cold water in his face, when he is thus brought to *himſelf*, he may be capable of a *Cordial*: Thus indeed muſt we be conſtrained to deal with the *Gentleman*, who is not onely void of all *ſpirituall life*, but even of all *common ſenſe*: We muſt handle him a little more *roughly*, then what he will think *civility*, that ſo we may at length *force* him to open his eyes, to ſee how much he is *miſtaken* in what *he calls* ſo. If after all this he will perſiſt to call me his *enemy*, *I* ſhall onely profeſſe my *ſorrow* for *this*, that he has *loſt* the benefit *intended* him by my *pains*; Not at all that *I* have miſſed the *reward* of his *commendation* and

thanks; these *I* shall then *first* be studious of enjoying, when *I* shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that *I* need not fear his *Commendations* may proue *Scandalls*, or his *thanks reproaches*. Till when here he has my *Confession*, *I* am his utter *Enemy*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so *I* am resolved to *continue* till *I* can see him, more then yet he is, his own *friend*: *Then*, *I* am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledge, that thus to *appear* his *Enemy* was the *onely* way *he* had left me to *befriend* him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence*, *I* shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him, as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, *I* shall onely write after that *Copy* himself has set me, and lets *lye* every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*. And having done this, I shall in a very few words characterize the *man I* would see, and tell you, what *I suppose* you *know*, God *Expects*, and his own Name and profession do *witnesse* he ought to be.

SECT.

SECT. I.

The Gallant.

TO give you my ſenſe of the *Gentleman* in a word, He is, *I know not what.* I no ſooner caſt my eye upon him, but (alas) *I* ſee too little to *love*, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhor*, and in all too much to be *expreſſed.* 'Tis uſuall with us to call *man* a *little World*, and truly the *Gentleman* may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the *numerous* parts of this larger *world*, lay confuſedly therein, intermixed and jumbled together, without *Form* or *Order*: before the Omnipotent *Wiſdom* of the Great God had created any ſuch thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty*: ſuch an undigeſted *Maſſe* and *Heap* of *every thing*, have we here met withal, and nothing *perfect*: Onely herein the *Similitude* fails, for *ſuppoſing* ſuch an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confeſſed the

work

work of Gods hands, and therefore *very good*; But *here* (alas) is almoſt nothing left that God created, but every thing ſo altogether *evil*, that hardly ſo much of that we call *goodneſſe* appears, as a bare *poſſibility* of becoming ſo.

Sect. 1. *His Names.*

If there be ſuch a *Sin* in the *abuſe* of words as ſome do think there is; and if it be true, that a great part of this *abuſe* lies in giving *names* unto things, *contrary* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater error of this kind committed then here, for never Honeſt *name* was more abuſed, then this of *Gentleman*: indeed it is to be feared, that having been ſo long *miſ-applied*, it wil at laſt find the like hard meaſure, with thoſe other once more *Honeſt* Names of *Tyrant* and *Sophiſter*; and from a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *term* of the greateſt diſgrace and infamy. It is indeed already made to be of no better a ſignification then this, to denote a Perſon of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life; for though it be as tis uſed, a word of a very

uncertain

uncertain and *equivocal* ſound, and given at Random to perſons of farre *different*, nay *contrary* both *humours*, *deſcents*, and *merits*; yet if we look upon *him* that in this ſad age comes firſt in play, and carries both the *Feather* and the *Bell*, as the *firſt Horſe* in the *Team*, away from all the reſt; a *Gentleman* muſt be thought onely ſuch a man, as may, without *controle*, do what he *liſts*, and ſin with *applauſe*: One that eſteems it *baſe* and *ungentile*, to *fear* a God; to *own* a Law, or *Practiſe* a Religion; One who has ſtudied to bring *Sin* ſo much into *faſhion*, and with ſo much unhappy *Succeſſe*, that he is now accounted a *Clown* that is not *proud* to be thought a *Sinner*; and he as ridiculous as an *Antick*, who will not, without all *ſcruple*, proclaim himſelf an *Atheiſt*.

Some of the *wiſeſt* in the preſent world, have of a long time, (aſhamed, I ſuppoſe, to be known by the *ſame* name with ſuch a *Monſter*) thought it more fit to call him *Spark* or *Raunter*; and indeed the *former* Names carries ſo much of the *Fire* of Hell in the *ſignification*, the *other* ſo much of the *noiſe* of Hell in the *ſound*, as may *almoſt*

ſuite

ſuit with the *Gentleman's* Actions. But the *proudeſt* vice is aſhamed to wear it's *own* face long: Nor dare *I* believe the *Devil* to be much in love with his *own* Name; *I* am ſure *neither* is willing to be thought ſuch as in truth they are; but *wickedneſſe* has worn *vertue's maſk* quite thread-bare; and *Satan* hath ſo often appeared like an *Angel of Light*, that tis now evident, he is not enamoured of his *own Form*. And thus had the *Gentleman* too, rather *deſerve* then *wear* the Devils *Livery*: though he be willing enough to be the *man*, yet he abhors the *Name*. Thus he thinks *vertue* and *vice*, like his *Honour* and *Reputation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Popular breath*; and that his eternal *Happineſſe* (as his Temporal *eſtate*) is entailed upon the *bare Name* alone, and by a little alteration of *that*, he may (when he pleaſes) tranſlate his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly ſollicitous he is (that *I* may uſe his own Language) to *Trapan* his own *Soul*, and by the Lamentable *Impoſture* of a *Borrowed* Name *cheat* her out of a moſt Glorious inheritance.

Hence he endeavours a little more to

Civilize

Civilize the Title, and calls himself in a more *pleasing* language *Gallant*. In this he is apt to Phancy *charme* enough to bring even *Heaven* it self *in love* with him; and make it, as the *trees* did *Orpheus*, to *follow* him whithersoever he goeth: and certainly so it must, and with some speed too, or he shall never see it, seeing he is alway *running*, as fast as he can, the quite *contrary* way. But, alas, this is all he is like to *gain* by the pitiful *exchange*; that whereas the ungrateful *sound* of the *former* names did so startle the *Devil*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a *Rival* in the very words, or else afraid of a *Discovery*, hearing his own *names* become so *common*, he is now bribed to stay by the *Flattery* of this *latter*, and securely *Lodges* in the *Gallant's* breast, without the least fear of disturbance.

But seeing the *Gallant* is so great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, if I make bold to adde *one* more, and call him with no lesse *reason*, but in more *words*, *The Devils Ghost*. For whilest *Sathan* is put to a large *expence* of *time* and *Pains* to Haunt and Seduce *others*, here

Here he meets with *one* not half so coy, but such an one as by his *unseasonable* kindnesse, seems to be a *trouble* rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Devil*. And doubtlesse, if he go but on half so fast a while longer, as he has done of late years, he will *tire* and *puzzle* the whole numerous *Host* of *Hell*, to invent a *variety* of *objects* answerable to *that* of his *Humour*.

To speak him out a little more plainly, our *English Gentleman*, as now a dates we commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind of *thing*, that no *one* name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* soul he is, that no lesse then a *Combination* of all the *vices* in the World, must be summoned in to make up a *Partiall Description* of him: Of an *Essential definition* I dare hardly think him capable, least thereby granting him a *compleat essence*, I should be forced, at least in a *Metaphysical* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much scorned, and it is that which (if yet his *pride* will afford him any) he very truly thinks the fittest *compellation* for the poor honest *Labourer*. The same he will some-

time;

times vouchsafe to bestow upon those few *Tenants* his *prodigality* has *spared* him. Such a *complicacy* of *evils* goes to his *constitution*, that ere we shall be able to fit him with a *name*, we must borrow it from *Sathan* himself, and call him *Legion*. As *sin* and *vanity* make up his very *Essence*; so can nothing but *wonder* and *shame* compose *his Character*.

Sect. 2. *His Nature in General.*

You have heard his *name*, and now take a farther *General* description of him thus. The *Gallant* is a pretty, neat, Phantastical *out-side* of a *man*, and if you dare alway believe your eye, tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be so much *deceived*, as to think him *something*. But a true *man* you can never imagine him, he hath too long ago shaked hands with his *Reason*, and now counts it the greatest degree of *baseness* in the world, to live what *Nature* made him, or to seem beholding for any thing unto ought, but his own *Humour*.

He is a well-digested *bundle* of most

costly

coſtly vanities, and he is evermore tumbling up and down the ſtreets to gather more of that ſame *chargeable dirt*: as if he ſhould have enough to excuſe his ſame, when he can at once ſay, it is both *glorious* and *coſtly*. You may call him a *Volume* of *Methodical Errata's* bound up in a *gilt cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *diſorders* ſeem to be *orderly*; and his *Errors* not *Caſual* but *Studied*, and he can tell how to *ſinne* moſt *ingeniouſly*. He is a *curiouſly* wrought *Cabinet* full of *Shels* and other *Trumpery*, which were much better quite *empty*, than ſo emptily *full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* ſtuck round with *Briſtol Diamonds*, pretty ſparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay ſhow* in a *fool's cap*, or on a *Dunghil*, but in a *Lapidarie's ſhop*, amongſt *true* ſtones, have onely ſo much *luſtre* left, as will prove themſelves to be but *counterfeit*. Such a ſilly *Glow-worm* may look like a little *Star* in the *Dark*, but its *Splendor* is alwayes ſure to be *benighted* with the *Riſing Sun*. Tis no ſmall advantage for this time *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darkneſſe* of *ignorance*

rance which *obſcures* the great vertues of ſo many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild-fires* ſo *viſible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulneſſe* of mettall, makes him endure ſo long in the world, whileſt the *keener* zeale of *nobler* ſoules ſoon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do heartily wiſh he would give us no reaſon to call him, the *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soul Dead and rotten in Treſpaſſes and Sins*: If this Compariſon will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

He is a *man's skin* full of *prophaneneſſes*, a *Paradiſe* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devils*, or *Sathan's Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Arras* of God's own making: ſuch an *Excellency* would he faine hold in the *baſeſt Iniquity*. He can be thought no better then a *Promethean* Man, at beſt but a lump of *animated dirt* kneaded into *Humane ſhape*, and if he have any ſuch thing as a *Soul* (which he ſhall hardly be able to perſwade any man to beleive that ſees how little *care* he takes to *ſave* it)

it seems to be *patch'd* up of *vice* and *Bravery*.

If you would come acquainted with his *pedigree*, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the *Son* of an *Offender*. His very *name's* enough to *blast* the *Nobility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetuall *disgrace* upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors*. There may be some *question* made, whether he needs *fear* going into *Hell* or no at his *death*; because he has been so well *acquainted* with it in his *life time*; whether if he have not leave every day to take his full *Carier*, he think, his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Liberty*; as if he had no other way left him of imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often *descending into Hell*. O what a piece of *Gallantry* is it now a dayes for a man to *give* his *Soul* to the *Devil* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgment*: A retreat into *Sobriety* would betray such an *Effeminacy* of spirit, as might argue him in love with a *Religion*; and make the world believe

believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every *petty* sinner can *outface* an *Earthly*, he'l doe his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunall; and make it appeare unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *spirit*, dares goe to *Hell*, before he will be said to *feare* it. Indeed *he* alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside down, and will onely be a perfect *man* at the *Pap*, when he is *wean'd* he gives both his *humanity* and *Innocence* to his *Nurse* for her *wages*, I am sure he is *rarely*, if *ever*, after that time, seen to have *either* about him. In short, the *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole *life* is a flat *Contradiction* to his *duty*; His constant *study* is to teach his *Body* how to put *affronts* upon his *soul*, and to give *him* the *lie*, who dares tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *saved*; He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*, any other *happinesse* besides his *pleasures*, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianity* has objected to the *Cowards Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be *any* thing but *what he should* be, an *Honest man*, or a *good christian*.

Sect. 3. *His Calling or Imployment.*

The *Gallants* Generall *Calling* and *Employment* is, to ſcorne all *buſineſſe*, but the Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times: and herein he ſpares not to tack his *brains*, and rob his *ſoule* as much of her *Naturall* as her *ſpirituall* reſt, to ſupply the *wanton* world with *variety* of Inventions. He takes an eſpeciall care that nothing may ever appear *old* about him, but the *old Man of ſin*, and him he every day expoſes to Publick view in a *ſeverall Dreſſe*, that (if it be poſſible) he may perſwade the world to believe that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed ſo *miſerably* happy is he in *Inventions* of this ſinfull Nature, that any man, who had not a *ſpirituall* eye, to diſcerne the ſame *Proud* and *Luxurious Divell* in all his Actions, would almoſt think he had a *new Nature* as well as a *new Sute* for every day throughout the Year.

Thus he that thinks it ſo much *below* him, to be reckon'd amongſt the *Labourers* in Gods *Houſe* or *Vineyard*; and diſdains to receive his *Penny*, with thoſe he ſhould

ſhould call his brethren, either as a *Reward* or a *Gratuity*; but ſeems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he Content to ſit all day long in *Sathan's ſhop*, one of his Slaviſh *Prentices* or *Journy-men*, who feeds him with courſe and *Empty Husks* here, and will reward him with an *Hellfull* of torments for his *labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Gliſtring Maſſe* of *ſwaggering Idleneſſe*: and he makes it his chief Study to Demonſtrate to the world, how many ſeverall wayes *Idleneſſe* has found out to be *buſy*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does juſt *Nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *Nothing* to a *Good*, but much to a *bad* or no Purpoſe. Though he may often ſeem to ſit *ſtill*, and not to *move* ſo much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *ſoule* cloſe at *worke*, plotting and Contriving how he may for the time to come be moſt *Pauſibly Idle*. He acts ſo little for the *Publick Good*, as if he were afraid he ſhould be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*, or as if the onely *buſineſſe* God intended him,

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had *made* him to no other *End* but this, to show the world that he could make *something* whereof he had no *need* when *made*; as if whilest he created *other* men for *use* and *service*, he intended *him* onely, as *Artists* do some of their *neateſt* but *slighteſt* pieces of work to ſtand upon the *ſtall*, or hang out for a *ſigne* at the Shop-windowes, to ſhow *paſſengers* with what the *Shop* is furniſh'd within. Or if you will, you may looke upon him as upon the *painted ſigne* of a *Man hung* up in the *Ayre*, onely to be *toſſ'd* to and fro, with every wind of *Temptation* and *Vanity*. Such a vain *ſhadow* or *Picture* is he, that were there no more but himſelf I ſhould take the boldneſſe to Affirme there were no ſuch *Creature* as a *Man* in the world.

To me he ſeems of no more worth then a Piece of *Out-caſt Iron*, lying *uſeleſſe* upon the face of the Earth, 'till his *ſoule* be even *eaten* away with *Ruſt* and *Sloath*. *God* made him a *Man*, but to prove *himſelf* his own *God* by a *ſecond Creation*, he endeavours

vours to *make* himself a *Brute*, nay a senseleſſe *Carkaſſe* that only *Cumbers* the *Earth*, & is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground it lies upon, and *ſtink* in the Noſtrils of the moſt High. If ever he *ſweat*, it is in purſuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *ſport*, in *running* away from his *Worke*, and in the *chaſe* after his *Eaſe*: And yet even in *that* he can never *reſt*, this indeed being the Naturall fruit of *Idleneſſe*, that it makes the *ſluggard* weary, not onely of whatſoever he *doth*, but even of *Idleneſſe* it ſelfe.

Sect. 4. *His Education and Breeding.*

So ſoon as his *age* is capable of *Inſtruction* and *Diſcipline* he is ſent to *School*, or rather by reaſon of too great an Indulgence in his fond Parents, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the fooliſh *Mother* do not more awe the *School-maſter* then *he* his *Scholler*, the *Rod* and an *empty purſe* together do for a while preſerve him *himſelfe*: But it ſhall not be long, ere he find room enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *loſe* himſelf again. Yet

truly it is a great rarity in this Age, to see the earliest *Morning* of *Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *lust*. It being too usuall a thing with the *debauch'd father*, to make his *child*, as we use to say, over early his *Fathers own son*.

Most *Gentlemen* seem to make it a speciall piece of their *fatherly* care to stave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Vertue* and *Religion*; lest therein resembling *better men* then their *Fathers*, some might take occasion to think them *spurious*. To infuse so early into the *Young Child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodnesse, were to make him *Old* before his time, and these would look no better then so many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *fresh* cheeks of an *infant*: alas, what were this but an *unspiriting* of the *child*, and laying an unseasonable *Damp* upon the comely *sprightfulnesse* of *youth*? 'Tis fit he should be *man'd* up by *bold* and *daring* exercises, and as men use their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now when he is young. *Divinity* and *Morality* are supposed too much to *mollifie* and *emasculate* the brave soul of a *young Gentleman*, and make it of too *soft* and *facile* a temper

temper for *Noble* and *Generous* actions. To instruct him how *hereafter* he should manfully resist his *Enemies*, he shall *first* be taught to fight against *God* and *Goodness*. It is indeed most lamentable to consider how very few of those we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *Honest men* or *good Christians*: as if it were their onely *businesse* to *beget* them, and when they are come into the world, to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may most *unprofitably* spend the short *leavings* of their own *Luxury*. Thus at their *death* leave they them *doubly* Miserable in bequeathing them, *first*, little to live upon, and *secondly*, many wayes to spend it. Indeed the greatest *Charity* and *Providence* in such *Prodigall Parents*, were either *not* to beget Children *at all*, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that so they might not *give* them, with their *estates*, so many unhappy *opportunities* of becoming altogether as *bad* as themselves.

But the *Hopefull Youth* must be a *Gentleman*, and in all hast he must be sent to see the *University* or *Innes* of *Court*; and that before he well knowes what it is to go to *School*. Whither he comes, not to get

Learning

Learning or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is, to enable himself hereafter to *talke* of the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the Place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things else) for *Fashions* sake. Such an one who may serve at least, as *poore Boyes* do in some *Princes* Courts, to *sustain* the blame of the *Young Gentlemans* Miscarriages, and whom the *Father* may *chide* and *beat* when the *Son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor*, that if his *Schollar* chance to return *home* (as too seldome he does) with either *Schollarship* or *Piety*, he shall then have the *credit* or *discredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Schollar*, or *spoiling* the *Gentleman*; seeing his *Parents* had taken order he should bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *yeare* or *two*, if he have no *Mother* upon whom he must bestow at least *three* parts of that time in *visits*, else his *father* knowes not well where he may with more *credit* loose so much good *time*, or if it may be afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *home*. In this time he will, in all probability have

learn'd

learn'd how to make a choice of his *boon Companions*, how to *raile* at the *Statutes* and break all good *Orders*; How to weare a *Gaudy Suite*, and a *Terne Gowne*; To *curse* his *Tutor* by the name of *Baals Prieſt*, , and to ſell more books in half an *houre*, then he had bought him in a *yeare*; To *forget* the *ſecond* yeare what perhaps for *want* of *acquaintance* with the *Vices* of the *place* he was forced for a *Paſſe-time* to *learne* in the *firſt*; and then he thinks he has *learning* enough for *him* and his *heirs* for ever.

And now that he may be able to *maintain* his *title* to ſo wretched an *eſtete*, it is time he ſhould be haſten'd away to ſome *Inne of Court*, there to ſtudy the *Law* as he did the *Liberall Arts* and *Sciences* in the *Colledge*. Here his *pretence* is to *ſtudy* and *follow* the Law, but it's his *Reſolution* never to *know* or *obey* it; If in any meaſure he do apply himſelf to it, it is to this one *end*, that he may know how to *plead* for himſelf when he *breaks* it: or to attain at laſt to ſo much more *Law* then *Honeſty*, as to *cozen* him that has more *Honeſty* then *Law*. Here indeed he learnes to be (in his

his Notion of the Man) somewhat more a *Gentleman* then before, having now the *Mock-happineſſe* of a *Licentious* life, and a *Manumiſſion* from the *Tyranny* (as he termes it) of a *School-maſter* and *Tutor*. This he reckons the happy *year* of his *Enfranchiſement*, and in *Commemoration* whereof his whole *life time* is to be one continued *day* of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he reſolves to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and now begins to cleare himſelf from all *ſuſpicion* of *Goodneſſe*, which *conſtraint* and *feare*, made ſome believe there was a *Poſſibility* of before.

Sect. 5. His Habit and Garbe.

As his *condition of life* ſeems now to be *New*, ſo does he endeavour that *all* ſhould appeare *New* about him, except his *vices* and his *Religion*; He is too much in *love* with *thoſe*, to *change* them, and the *latter* he cannot *change*, becauſe he never *had* any. *Pride* and *Wantonneſſe* have a very *rare* and *ready* invention: heres a *New Garbe*, New *Cloathes*, and a New *body* too, O could he but once get him a *New ſoule*, or no *ſoule* he

he might be thought *happy*. When you look upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to ſay, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*; and truly ('tis too much to be fear'd) there you ſee as much of it, as he ever ſhall. He is trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he had reſolved to make his *Body* a *Lure* for the *Divell*, and with this *Bravery* would make a *baite*, ſhould *tempt* the *Tempter* to fall in *love* with him. He looks as if he had *prevented* our firſt *Mother* in ſinning, and wanting *patience* to *ſtay* for the *fruit*, had pluck'd the very *bloſſomes*, and now wore them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* ſeems to be *made* of *Lace* or *Ribbon*, *trim'd* with *Cloath*. By his *variety* of *Faſhions* he goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for this reaſon dare never ſweare him to be the *ſame* man they formerly had to deale withall. His *Mercer* may very well be afraid to loſe him in a *Labyrinth* of his *own* cloath, which yet *ſits*, or *hangs* (ſhall I ſay) for the moſt part ſo *looſely* about him, as if it were ever ready to *fly* away for feare of the *Serjeant*. Alas, how often is he proud of a *Feather* in his *Hat*, which a ſilly *Bird* was but a while agoe *weary* of carrying

carrying in her *tayle*? Doe but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be sure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern*. His *head* and *Feather* will serve both for *signe* and *Bush*.

If you observe but a little his strange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walks the *streets*, or that other more *set* and *affected* one reserved for his *formes* of *Complement*; You would conclude he were going to show *Tricks*; I am sure he wants nothing but a *stage* erected for the purpose. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mold* his *Body* at the *Dancing-school* as if the onely *shame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, again as if both head and every member of him *turned* upon *Hinges*. Every step he takes presents you with a perfect *Puppit-play*. And *Rome* it self could not in an *Age* have shown you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *halfe* an houre: whose whole *life* is indeed no other then one *studied* imitation of all the *vanities* Imaginable; and by his dayly practice, a man would

guesse

gueſſe there could be no ſuch ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to *degenerate* firſt into that *Beaſt*, which now, if ever, is moſt like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made *himſelfe*, who accounts it below him to be number'd among the *ordinary* ſort of *men*.

Sect. 6. His Language and Diſcourſe.

His *Language* and *Diſcourſe* are altogether ſuitable to his *Habit* and *Garbe*; All *affected* and *Apiſh*, but indeed for the moſt part much more *vile*, *ſinfull* and *Abominable*. When it is moſt *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then moſt *quaint* and *Rhetoricall*, when *Drolling* or *prophane*. Although he make it his whole buſineſſe whenſoever he *dares* to be *Bookiſh* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furniſh himſelfe with an *Elegant* and *Courtlike expreſſion*; yet will all but amount to this at moſt, that ſometimes he may be *able* to talke *well*, and ſhow us how much he is a better *Speaker* then a *man*: That he ſhall be able to *carve* out his *Language* into ſome of the moſt

moſt *Modiſh* and *Diſſembling Complements* and to *Interlard* an affected diſcourſe, with many an *Impertinent Parentheſis*. And then amidſt all this his *Time-obſerving* hand and foot do ſo *point*, *accent* and *Adorne* all with Curious and Phantaſtick *flouriſhes*, that his *words* are often as much *loſt* in his *Actions*, as his *ſenſe* in his *words*.

A piece of *noiſy Bombaſt* denominates him one of the great *Wits*, where the *ſubſtance* of his diſcourſe (if it have any) is dreſſ'd up in ſo *rude* and *Antique* a forme; that *ſtaring* (as it were) the hearer in his face, it goes nigh to *ſcarce* him out of his *Wits*.

If *Don Quixot* or ſome *Romance* more in Faſhion, can but furniſh him with a few *New-coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talke at the next *Ordinary*, In his own fond *Conceit*, and by the *votes* of his ſimple Companions, he is carried up to *Heaven*; a wanton piece of *Drollery* will ſend him *beyond* it.

To be truly *Ingenious* is not the way to *Humour* his *Frollick companions*, and therefore he is put to ſtudy out ſomething elſe which muſt ſerve for a while inſtead of

wit,

wit, and 'tis ſtrange, he can think of nothing will do this ſo well as *flat foolery*; for moſt perfectly ſuch is that *drolling* veine wherein he is ſo frequently induſtrious to ſhew himſelf a *witty foole*; What a *learned* Age is this we live in, when he is the beſt *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can beſt act the *Ruſtick*, and moſt facilely imitate the *rudeneſſe* and *Flatneſſe* of his *Language*? and when he alone muſt be eſteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatlieſt* play the *fool* to Humour *Mad Men*? To be *ſober* or *ſerious* in the *Gentlemans* Dictionary, ſignifies juſt as much as to be *Dull* and *Blockiſh*. A *Phancy* which dares not *roave* about, beyond the limits of *ſobriety* and *diſcretion*, not proclaime her ſelfe to be moſt *affectedly prophane*, or as induſtriouſly *vaine* and *Idle*, is a *Bird* that has no *note* ſweet enough for his *Cage*. Tis a wonderfull thing to ſee, how the *Apiſh Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *ſober Invention*, and *Genuine wit*. A *Mimicall* tone, a *Phantaſtick* action, a *Couchant* ſenſe, and a Phraſe *Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our Modern *Gentile Wit*. Such are the *ſpungy Ears*,

of moſt Companions, that they will *ſuck* in nothing but *froth*: And the *Gentleman* looks upon him as a poor *ſolitary foole*, who will not thus make himſelfe an *Aſſe* for *company*.

But (alas) all theſe are but the *Innocent recreations* of his *Tongue*, wherein it *ſports* it ſelfe in its *Infancy*, ere it attain to that *nimbleneſs* and *volubility* of expreſſion which becomes a *Gentleman*. He is not alwayes delighted in theſe *ſoft* walks; but as he grows more a *man*, he chooſes him *rougher* paths, and more *manly* exerciſes. By degrees he ſteps up from *Idleneſſe*, and *Emptineſſe*, *foolery* and *drollery*, to *ſcurrility* and *obloquy*; when at every ſtep he *tramples* ſome *good* Mans *Honour* in the *Duſt*; at each word he *ſpits* in the *face* of his *Betters*, and labours to *beſpatter* with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Diſgrace*, every *name* and *reputation*, that ſtands above his *own*: And you may be ſure he will ever throw the *blackeſt dirt* upon the *faireſt face*, where it may certainly do the greateſt *miſchief*, and be moſt *conſpicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never miſſes the *white*; but (as good luck is) ſuch is the *Impenetrability* of *Innocence*, when *darted* at

by

by the poyſon'd Arrowes of *Envy*, he never *holes* it. If this black *breath* of his could *blow out*, or *eclipſe* thoſe *lights* that ſhine *brighteſt*, we ſhould not have one *ſtar* left in vertues *Heaven*; And thoſe *lights* which were ſent into the world to *guide* him timely & truly out of it into a *better*, he *firſt* endeavours to *extinguiſh*, that ſo he may without *check* or *ſhame* wander through all *the works of darkneſſe* into *Hell*. What ſo often in his mouth, as that which he never names, but with the *deepeſt* accent of *ſcorn* and *diſdain*, a *Paltry Parſon*? and he does not ſtick often to tell him to his face, that when he comes to have as much *wit* as *zeal*, he will begin to tell him another *tale* then that of *Heaven*; that he may do well to keep him to his *tub*, and tell a *preciſe ſtory* once or twice a week, to his *Ignorant Auditors* in his *Country Church*, and forbear to read *lectures* of *Godlineſſe* to *perſons* whom he ſhould be afraid to *look* upon but at a *diſtance*. That *he* brought more learning from *ſchool* with him, then all the *Canonical Caſſocks*, and *Girdles* in the Nation, with all their rough *Logicall Notions* and *knotty Metaphyſicks* ſhall be ever able to Contain.

With a thousand more such like *rovings* of a *wild* and *Atheisticall* brain. I shall willingly forbear to *personate* him any further in them, lest he might think me *able* (as I hope I shall never be) to reach the *Pramick* strain of his loose and prophane *Railleryes*.

Neither are his *discourses* less *brutish* then *divellish*, lesse *filthy* then *malicious*. So foul, *obscene*, and nauseous for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little *acquainted* with a God as *himself*, will be apt to conclude, that *nature spoyl'd* him in the making, and set his *Mouth* at the *wrong end* of his *Body*. Certainly there must be a *corrupted* and *putrified Soul* within, whence there dayly steames out so much odious & *stinking breath*. Indeed so strangely is the *Gentlemans Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *discourse*. He is not onely taken with the *mystick* Language and *Lascivious* Dialect of Love, wherein to accomplish himself, he makes it too much his businesse to collect what he can out of all the loose *pistoralls*, Lastly *Poems*, and *Bawdy* pieces of *drollery*, which by their *number* seem to

turne

turne our *Booksellers shops* into so many *Jakes*: But he takes a great deal of pleasure to *lick*, with his *tongue*, the Nauseous *Botches*, and Putrified *sores*, and the infectious *Leprosies* of *wit*. O how does he delight to *dwell* upon the *sore* place of an obscene Poem! and he never *commends* the *Poet* for any thing but his *Infirmityes*. He is no *company* for the *Gallant* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every Period commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the Gentleman more in Love with any other; Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I *tremble* to *mention*, though he esteems it the greatest *Grace* and *Ornament* of his Discourse. I mean, *Swearing*. For as the *Gentleman* seems Continually to *measure* out his *time* by *sins* instead of *minutes*; so his *louder Oaths*, were they not so very frequent, might well be Compared to the *great Clock*, which gives us notice how his *houres* passe. This is that pleasing part of his language, wherein he so ordinarily bids *defiance* to his *God*, and so powerfully *courts* the *Devil*; with whom

by this means he has a *frequent Converse* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has so great a variety of these Hellish *complements*, that the *Master* of that *Language Sathan* himself, may in a little time stand in need of an *Interpreter* to understand him.

This is a *sin* to which there are so few colourable *Inducements* or *provocations*, that *herein*, or not at all, the Gallant shews his *Proficiency* under that *Good Master* he serves, and proves how *straight* he can go to *Hell*, and how *fast*, without a *guide* or *baite*. Here indeed he seems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *lazy* and *dull* sinner, whilst in every *Oath* he loudly *sweares*, that *soul* not to be worth a damning, which cannot *sin* without a *temptation*. Tis here he expresses his great *Charity* to the *Devil*, for as if he were afraid the *tempter* should have too great a *load* of *other* mens *sins* at the *last* and *great* day of accounts, he freely *exempts* him from putting his *helping hand* to *some* of his sins, and openly professes he is able to go far enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *seducer*.

How many *horrible* and *hideous Oathes*

doth

doth he dayly *invent*, onely to *ſwell* up his *cheeks*, and makes his *words* ſound *high* and *bigge* in the Eares of thoſe that *tremble* not to heare him? with what *boldneſſe* and *pride* does he abuſe Gods moſt *Holy* and *tremendous name*, by making it a *cloak* and *varniſh* to ſet off his moſt *falſe*, *looſe*, and *prophane* ſpeeches. As if indeed he had this deſperate *deſigne* upon Almighty God, to render his ſacred *Name odious* to the world, by taking it ſo often into his *prophane lips*.

Unto *this* we may here adde that *other* as common extravagancy of his *Tongue*, which is the *abuſing* and making a *Mock* of Gods *Word*, as well as his *Name*. His *Rhetorick* ſeems all *Low* and *Flat* ſo long as his *Metaphors* lye on *this* ſide *Prophaveneſſe*; but when he has once got a *trick* to *heave* up his *cheeks*, and *ſet his face againſt the Heavens*, and to *emboſs* his diſcourſe with a *Rumbling Oath*, then he begins to think himſelf an *Orateur* with a *witneſſe*.

Sect. 7. *His Religion and Converſation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the *Gentlemans Religion*, ſeeing he

has ſo very little either of *honeſty* or *humanity*. The *ſad* truth is, he is ſo far from being indeed *religious*, that he is *aſhamed* of nothing ſo much as that any man ſhould have the *charity* to *think* him ſo. Againſt this *Ignominious brand* of a *Godly man*, he takes the readieſt courſe he can to *vindicate* himſelf, that is, openly to *deride* all thoſe that own it; *Laughing* aloud at *all ſuch* as have more *Religion* then *himſelf*. The chief *Ceremony* of his *Religion* next to that of *blaſpheming* his *God*, is luſtily to *curſe* the *Devill*, and to *declaime* both againſt *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*, though at the *Gates* of *Heaven*, and the *Throne of Grace*, & he does as much *ſcorne* to *ſay* his *Prayers*, as to *beg* his *bread*. Nothing but *Neceſſity* can perſwade him to do *either*. *Devotion* and *Humility* are names wholly inconſiſtent with *Nobility* and *Gallantry*; Theſe become not that *brave Heroick Spirit*, which had *rather* choſe to *ſtarve* even his *ſoul* to all *eternity*, then to receive *ſalvation* it ſelf at the *expence* of a *petition*. Tis for ſuch *faint hearted* creatures as have not the *Courage* to undergoe with *Alacrity* the *torments* of *Hell fire*,

to

to *ſtoop* ſo low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their *knees*? Alas he ſees no ſuch *lovelyneſs* in the *things above*, as may oblige him to ſo *ſubmiſſive a Courtſhip*: And yet he is ſo confident to *Enjoy* them *all* at laſt, as if he thought God would be *beholding to* him for *accepting* his bleſſings; or as ſome fooliſh *lovers* take occaſion to *double* their *addreſſes* from the *unkindneſſe* of a *Coy Miſtreſs*, God would the more *Earneſtly* importune him to be *ſaved*, the more *diſdainfully* he looks upon *ſalvation*.

If ever the *Gentleman* appears at *Church*, it is but to give you a teſtimony of his *courage*, whereby he ſhows how he *dare* ſometimes *venture* upon what he moſt *fears*. But then he behaves himſelf ſo *proudly* there, as if he would *command* the *great* God of *Heaven* and *Earth* to *keep his diſtance*, and he may be ſure, *ſo* he will, for he will *draw nigh* unto *none* but ſuch as will firſt *draw nigh* unto *him*. But ſometimes his appearance in the *holy Aſſembly* argues more *Cowardice* then *Courage*, and ſhews that he *fears* the *Conſtable* more then *God*; and to be *religious* more then appear ſo. Here if he ſtay long, he is no leſſe *pain'd* in *hearing* the

the *Sermon*, then if both his *Eares* were faſt *nailed* to the *Pillory*. To prevent *tediouſneſs* and to give himſelf as much *eaſe* as may be; he *picks* up *here* and *there* ſomething from the *Preacher* to make *merry* with, at the next *meeting*: Or elſe he *meditates* upon the *Ladies* as they ſit in their *Sundayes Beauties*; and then he *returns* from the *Church*, as moſt do, who come thither with no better *intentions*, ten-times more an *Atheiſt* then he came.

But as faſt as the *Gentlemans Atheiſme* has taught him to *jeer* and *laugh* at all *thoſe* who are ſo *ſoft-hearted*, as to profeſſe a *Religion*, ſo well has their *Religion* taught them to *pitty* and *pray* for him that has none.

If the *Gallant* have no *eſtate* (as many who think themſelves *Gentlemen* have *none*) he makes his *vices* his *trade*, and ſo *trafficks* firſt for a *living*, and then for *damnation*. The *Tavern* for the moſt part is his *Exchange*, where having prepared the way for *one wickedneſs* by *another*, ſome *drunken cheat* is uſually the *Enriching Bargain*; and this, when diſcover'd, muſt paſs by the name of an *Ingenious frolick*. Here he lyes *drinking* out the *day*, except he be forced to *ſleep* out

the

the last *nights* Intemperance. This is the stage of his *Wit* and *wantonnesse*: where he thinks himself a *Champion*, when he can kick *two* down staires at *once*, the *drawer* & his *bottle*, and sound the *Alarme* to the *skirmish* in a loud *peal* of new-fashion'd *curses*. After all's done there, he walks the *streets* as *light* in his *head* as his *Purse*, and much oftener salutes the *Pavement* then the *Passengers*.

He drinks as *stoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his Belly to quench the *flames* of Hell; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himself so far into a *Beast*, as he might thereby become *uncapable* of *Damnation*. When he has drunk his fill, he studies how to make the next young *heir* he meets with, *pay* the reckoning. If he chance to meet with some poore Innocent *Lady*, whom a *sweet word* or *two* may make his miserable *prey*, he makes a shift to screw a *ring* or *two* off her *finger*, and this wil both pay the *shot*, and his *common she* for his next nights *lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *Golden*, or at least a *Gilded sinner*, a *Royall slave*, a *Prodigall sparke*; one who hates no *name* so much as that of *Christian*; because

he

he is afraid it would make him *Melancholy*. He travails over the wide *world* of sin, 'till he have as little *money* as *Religion*, and no more *Credit* then *money*. So that he is usually at last constrain'd either to lie *hid*, and so become his *own Prisoner*, or to *pawn* his *Body* to his *Goaler* for his *chamber*, or else to become a *Citizen* of the *World*, and so at last is *every where* at *home*, because he is indeed at *home no where*.

Sect. 8. *An Apology for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *apology* for making so *bold* with the *Gallant*, as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am so far from *acknowledging* my selfe *obliged* to do; that I shall *hardly* obtaine mine own *pardon* for being no *bolder*. 'Tis out of no other *respect* then a tender *Compassion* to his *Person*, and a most perfect *hatred* of his *waies*, that I *here* take leave of him. In good earnest (Sir) I have not the *patience* to *follow* him any farther, no not in those *paths* wherein he *walks* with so much *Pride* and *Complacency*. If he think I have used him too

unkind-

unkindly, I shall onely answer, that it is not half so *ill* as he uses himself: who by being so much his own *enemy*, has found out a very easy way for his *best friends* to be so too, as yet solve the *Contradiction* by an obvious *distinction* betwixt his *Spirituall* and his *Carnall selfe*.

I thank God, I have learn'd to *hate a vice* in my *best friend*, and the more *I* hate it, the *better* I *love* my friend, whom I shall ever wish *so* well, as that he may continue *for ever Vertuous*, that so I may *for ever* have his *friendship*. And I have as well learn'd to *love* the *soul* of my most *vicious Enemy*, and the rather because I know my *Saviour* did as *much* for *me*.

I dare not think a *sinner* needs my *prayers* one jot the *lesse*, but much *more* my *pitty*, because he pretends to be a *Gentleman*, I am sure he would say as much himself, if he could but seriously consider what *distinction* of *blood* or *degrees* there is to be expected in *Hell*, or what *respect* will there be shewn to the *son* of a *Prince* more then to a *Beggar*. Which was best rewarded, the *Noble Dives*, or the *poor* and so long *despised Lazarus*; A *Captive* is still to be look'd upon

upon as a *Captive*, though it be his lot to lie *bound* in *Fetters* of *Gold*, and to have a ſtately *Palace* for his *Priſon*; Nor ſhall I think that *Malefactors* torment much the leſſe, who has the *honour* at his *execution* to have his *Fatall Pile* made up of all the richeſt *Spices* of *Arabia*. How great an *happineſſe* found he in his *death*, whoſe *ſentence* it was to be *ſmother'd* to death in a *Bed* of *Roſes*? That *Priſoner* may be in a *merry*, but in no very *good* Condition, who, when he ſhould be ſinging *Pſalms* unto his *God*, and ſo with the *Captive Apoſtles* ſet his *ſoul* at *liberty*; when he ſhould, on the *wings* of *Devotion* ſend her out with *Noahs Dove*, to fetch in the *Olive-branch* of *Peace* and *liberty* from *Heaven*; when he ſhould do all this, can yet in a *rough* Note, and ſome *wild disjoynted* Catch, Crown his cups, and *Invoke* the curs'd Inhabitants of Hell in an *Health* to the *Devil*: whatever *others* better *bred* and of a more *Gentile* Education may think of him, I ſhall never be able to *commend* ſuch a mans *courage* and *Alacrity*: But this I ſhall (I hope) be able to do, with all the due affections of a *Charitable Chriſtian*, *bewaile* his *madneſſe*, *Lament* his

Folly

Folly, and earneſtly *pray* that God would at length in great *mercy*, *reſtore* him to his *leſt ſelfe* and *ſenſes*. Thus would I hold my ſelfe bound to pray for a *Madman*, and truly no otherwiſe for our *Engliſh* Gallant: For were it my purpoſe to ſhew how *eaſily* a man might *be*, rather then how *hard* it is for him, *not* to be *Satyricall* upon ſo *foule* a Subject; or did I not more deſire with *oyle* to *heale* then with *ſalt* and *vineger* to *vex* his *wounds*, I could, without the leaſt wreſting, fully apply unto the *Perſon* we ſpeak of, all the *Symptomes* and *degrees*, of the moſt *extream Madneſſe* or *Bruti ſh folly* Imaginable. But I leave him here, and for thoſe others which are behind *I* ſhall ſtudy more *Brevity* if not leſſe *Bitterneſſe*.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Sect. 1. *The second sort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongst those which are truly such.*

I Would not have you think (Sir) that *I* have done with the *spurious Gentleman* when *I* have done with the *Gallant*. *I* should do some *violence* to the *true* Gentlemans *vertues*, should *I* say all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are *just* such as *he*, and deale somewhat too *severely* with him of whom *I* am now to speak, if *I* should conclude all that are *none* of the *best*, to be the *very worst*. *I* find my self therefore necessitated to say a little of *another*, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have *I* no reason to call him a *Saint*. If we eye the *common course* of his life, and his *Ordinary conversation*; we may perhaps discover in *him* something more of *modesty*, & the *man*, then

then in the *former*, yet shall we not find [redacted] then what is to be read in those [redacted] of *Religion* in the *Christian* Act best, he has in him only *so* much of *Christianity* as may *save* his *credit* in *this* world, *not* his *soul* in the *other*. And of this *sort* is, (alas I may too truely say) the far *greatest* part of our *English Gentry*; I must include very many of our *Nomical Nobility*, and not a *few* of the *Real* too, I mean as far as *blood alone* will make them *so*, under this Head.

This indeed is that *Gentleman*, whether of *City* or *Country*, whom his *neighbours*, as well as himself, do too often, for want of a *better*, *flatter* into *Some-body*. *One*, who though he has more *discretion* then to be *stark mad*; and more *sobriety* than to *dwell* in a *Tavern*, or to *transform* his *own house* (as too many chuse to do) into a perfect *Bedlam*; I am sure there *wants* very *little* of it in many, but the *correction* and *discipline*; Though he be not fully *arrived* at the very *height* of *Vanity*, nor can yet take a *pride*, by the idle *expence* both of *estate* and *honour*, to *purchase* an irremediable *poverty* to his *heirs*, and to *himself* the empty *title* of *Spark* and *Gallant*: Yet he can hardly perswade me

to belive, the *principles* whereby he is kept within these *bounds* of *modesty* and *sobriety*, such as may merit him the *name* of *Gentleman* or *Christian*. Indeed the greatest *difference* betwixt *him* and the *Gallant*, seems to be *this*, that whereas the *Gallant* is the very *spume* and *froth* of *Nobility*, which ever works *upwards*, impatient of a *confinement* within any *limits* whatsoever, but alwaies *flies out* by reason of it's extraordinary *levity* into *emptyness* and *aire*; this *other Gentleman* like the *Lees* or *dregs*, by reason of too great a mixture and participation of more *grosse* and *Terrene* parts, *settles* wholly *downwards* till he come to the very *bottom* of all *baseness*: Such *Lees*, though at present, of some more *use* then the *other*, yet will they at *length* prove *good* for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

Sect. 2. *Several sorts of such Gentlemen.*

Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *estate*, and a full *Chest*; and *these*, excepting a *Coat* of *Arms*, and a few old *Pictures* hung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallary* to let strangers see who were his *Father* and *Mother*, are

are *all* he has to *shew* for his *Nobility*: and yet his *too* great *care* in preserving *these*, is for the most part, that whereby he forfeits his *Honour*: For as the *former* freely *spent* his *estate* to make him a *Gallant*, so this *latter* as freely *parts* with all *Gallantry* to *save* his *estate*. If *nature* have blesse'd him with some *good parts* and *faculties*, and if the *care* of his *Parents* have added many more excellent *ornaments* and *accomplishments* of a *Gentleman*; yet there alwaies appears some *abatement* or other in his *Bearing*, which *disgraces* all: And there is that base *alloy* of (I know not what) *drosse*, in his best *Gold*, which renders it *uncurrent*, and altogether *useless* both to *himself* and all the *world* besides. In *some* this is *covetousnesse*, and a *love* of the *world*; in others tis *cowardice*, and a *poor spirit*; in a *third* sort *Lazyness* and a *love* of *ease*; and in *many* others *pride* and a *vain glorious humour*. Though in *favour* to the *Gentleman*, or rather to the *world*, least it might seem to be *quite void* of *all such* things as true *Gentry* and *Nobility*; men are willing very often to *bestow* upon them too *good names*; calling the *first providence* and a *natural care*; the *second prudence*

dence, and a *commendable policy*; The *third* a *Good-nature* and a *peaceable mind*; And the *last* a *Noble* and *brave Spirit*, and a *piece* of *necessary state*. I confesse I am as ready as any man to cast into him all the *allowances* he can in any *reason* demand, or I with *safety* grant him, and *all* will be little enough to make him full *weight* for a *Gentleman*. But he must pardon me, if I love not to hear *good names* thus grossly *abused*, nor to see the most *beloved* and *plausible vices* passe so currantly and unquestioned for *vertues*. Call them what we will, and make them as *good* as we *can*, as they are enough to *sink* the *Gentleman* as far *below* his *name* as *Hell* is below *Heaven*; so have they been too effectual and prevalent of late, to the *choaking* up all *breathings* of true *Religion* and *Piety*, and to the bringing a glorious *Church* and flourishing *Kingdom*, to say no worse, into a very *low* and *ruinous* condition. And this I dare be bold to affirm, though I take not my self for a *Politician*, that let us all *pretend* and *endeavour* too what we can, till we can make these *gilded vices* to be *known* and *owned* by their *own names*, we shall have small reason to hope for a *setled Church*, or

peaceable

peaceable ſtate. I wiſh I had a *ſalve*, which applyed to the *Gentlemans blind eye*, might take off the *Pearl*, and make him *ſee* this truth.

Sect. 3. *The Provident Gentleman.*

The *Provident Gentleman* (as he loves to hear himſelf miſcall'd) is *one* who is ever putting the queſtion with him in *Job. What profit is there in the ſervice of the Almighty?* If you could once perſwade him to believe that every *good gift comes from above*, and that *whoſoever asks ſhall indeed receive*, you would ſoon ſee him grow *religious*, and hear him ſaying his *prayers* in good *earneſt*: But alas, ſo long as he can make a ſhift to fill up his *Coffers* by *delving* in the *dirt*, you muſt give him leave to continue *Infidel* in theſe *particulars*. He is content to hear of *glorifying God*, till you come to tell him he muſt do it with *his ſubſtance*, but then it becomes an *hard ſaying*, and hee'l hear you of that at a *more convenient time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death bed*. So little is he in *love* with, or *ſenſible* of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the *gain* and *profit*, let *God*

or *any one* else (it's all one to him) take the other. This *Gentleman* has just as much *God* and *Religion* as a *full Chest* will *hold*, his *God* and his *Gold* like *Hippocrates* his *Twins*, *live* and *thrive*, and are *sick* & *dye* together: and yet it were much to be wished he were but *half* so industrious to preserve the *one*, as he is to keep the *other*. Instead of *laying up his treasure in Heaven*, he lays up his *Heaven* in his *Treasury*, and, if God will be content with it so, he shall be sure to have his *heart thereto*. *Covetousnesse*, I dare say, in *such* as *he*, is the greatest *Idolatry*; I am confident he would *fall down* and *worship* the *Image* of a *Nero*, nay of a *Devil*, rather then *want* the *single peny* that bears it. You will have much ado to convince him of the truth of the *Apostles* proposition, *That Godlinesse is great gain*, except you will grant him that this is a Logical Conversion, and not to be questioned *that great gain is Godlinesse*. If with the *Silvir-smith* he can by his *craft* get his *wealth*, then shall *Religion* become his *trade*, and the *Church* his *forge*: But till then you must give him leave to be a *worshiper* of his great Goddesse *Diana*. So far is he from putting in practice that good

and

and wholeſom advice, to *be carefull in nothing, but in every thing to give thanks*; that he dares never read the text but backwards, *Give thanks for nothing but in every thing be carefull*: He cannot eſteem it a true piece of providence to make the *day content with its own labour*, but on the contrary he gives *every day* the *trouble* of *caring* for *many years*, and therefore is ready to phancy himſelf far from the *Rich Fools* condition in the *Goſpel*, becauſe he never yet could allow his *Soul* her *Requiem*, or think that he had *enough* for *many years*.

He takes much more *pains* to leave his *Children rich* then *Good*, and had rather give them a *Portion* then a *bleſſing*. The main *advice* he gives them is to be *thrifty* and good *husbands*, let them make themſelves *Godly* and *good Chriſtians*. All the learning he intends to beſtow upon them, is ſo much *Latine* as will fit them for underſtanding a *Bond* and ſo much *Arithmetick* as may *ſecure* them from the *diſhoneſty* of an *unjuſt Steward*; If he ſuppoſe the *Book* may be made a *thrifty diverſion* to keep them from the greater *expenſe* of the *Tavern* or their *Game*, he may perhaps allow *ſomething* toward a *ſtudy*.

And (be sure) he will be careful enough, to give them so much *Law* as may be sufficient to *maintain* their own *rights*, and *rack* their *Tenants*.

If he go constantly to *Church*, tis more to *serve himself* than his *God*. Often because he hopes by being *his* frequent *Auditor*, he may *oblige* the *Parson* to let him his *tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *conscience*, that so he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *suspicion*. For the most part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron*, or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whilest he and his family grow *fat* by feasting upon the *bread* of the *Altar*, he grudges *him* who dispenses *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *crums* that *fall* from his *table*. The *Church* of God thus often *starves* for want of *food*, whilest such *dogs* eat up the *childrens bread*: Such mens whole *Lives* are but so many *continued Sacriledges*, and all they can allege for themselvs comes but to this, that they *hold* their *sin* as their *land*, by right of *inheritance*, from their *Ancestors*: Their *coffers* grow full by robbing the Sanctuary, and at every meal with their *sacrilegious* teeth, like so many ravenous *wolves* or *vultures*, they *tear* in pieces the

Body

Body of Christs languishing *Spouse*! But let her *dye*, the *Provident Gentleman* had rather see her *Carkasse* than his *chests* grow *empty*; and if by her *death* he may peaceably enjoy her *revenues*, he will hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched *heirs* use to do, at her *funerals*.

It is long since this good man turned *charity* out of doors, as an *unthrifty Housewife*, and one that made it her business to *throw* all away. The *poor* come and go about his *gates*, as hungry *birds* about a *painted Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard crust* and *harder language*. He loves not thus to *lend* his *money*, though it be to the *Lord*, except he would give him *bond* to return him *eight* in the *hundred* here in *this* world. When our *Saviour* tells him of an *hundred* for *one* here below, and *eternal life* hereafter in Heaven, he hath as little *faith* to belive, as *patience* to wait for such a reward: Yet he could almost wish upon condition the *former* part of the promise might be made good to him, *without persecution*; that the *latter* might be reserved for such who can phancy a *God* in *Heaven*, better than a *thousand pound* in *hand*.

If

If this Gentleman can but so far *deny himself* as to do no open *violence* or *injury* to any man; if he can arrive at that degree of *Christianity*; which will enable him to reach the *negative* part of *Justice* and *charity*, he is apt to think he has made a fair progresse in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily mistakes this part too. For to win *anothers* estate by some *quillet* in the Law, or by *bribing* a Judge; to *overreach* his poor neighbour in a hard *bargain*; to take *advantage* of a needy persons present *necessity*, and accordingly raise the *price* of his Commodity; to *exact* first *more* then he is able to pay, and then make him pay *use* for his *disability*; to send a poor naked soul to *Bridewel* insteed of an *Hospitall*, to the *stocks* insteed of a *bed*, to cal him *knave* and *Vagabond*, that he may have a *pretence* not to *relieve* him: to suffer a languishing Creature to *dye* in the street, whilst he had enough to *spare* wherewith to *feed* & cloath him; Or to permit a *breach* in the walls of *Jerusalem*, when a small *sum* out of his *purse* would *repair* it; These he can by no means reckon amongst the *species* of *injustice*, or as *defects* in *charity*, but therefore counts

counts all good duties as things *unnecessary* and no way obliging, indeed because *chargable* and seemingly *burthensome*; and such as contradict that thrifty *forecast*, and necessary *providence* he holds himself tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of *wisdom* to trust Gods *providence* now for some *miraculous* relief of the *present* poor, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his posterity.

Certainly this is the *thing* that passes so currently for *providence*, even amongst those who are counted the *wiser* & more *religious* sort of our *English Gentlemen*: But if *this* can belong to *Christianity*, then must *covetousness* and a *worldly* mind, be reckoned amongst our *Christian vertues*. It is (alas) too evident what good friends such *vertues* and such *Gentilemen* have been of late to our *Jerusalem*; whilest our *richest Gallantry* have all along, in these calamitous times, chosen rather, by a kind of *constrained bounty* to *reward* the *Demolishers*; then *voluntarily* to part with a *farthing* to pay the *builders* of our ruinated *Sion*. Besides this, it is not a little to be feared that those many contrary *Oathes* and *Engagements*, *Vows* and *Protestations*

reflections, which with the help of this *sauce* of *providence* have been so readily *swallowed* (I fear I may say) by the greatest part of our Gentry, will at last expose their *souls* within no lesse to *corruption*, then the contrary *qualities* do their *bodies* without. O how happy might this poor *Nation* have been even to this day, had not the *rich Gentleman* under a pretence of a *Natural affection* and a *necessary providence*, set an higher estimate upon his own *chest*, then the *Ark* of God; upon his own *Barn*, then the Lords *Temple*; Had he not loved his *interest* more then his *religion*, the safety of his *body* more then the *salvation* of his *Soul*, his *natural children* more then his *Heavenly Father*, and his *money* above them *all*.

Sect. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this short view I have given you of the *Provident Gentleman*, I suppose you will grant him to be none of those we may call the *best*, or such as it might be wished, we had *many* of in our *Nation*: And truly the *Prudent Gentleman*, *I* mean him who is *now* adayes known by that name, is not of a much *Nobler dye:* very often you shall find him

him to be the very *same*, alwaies very *meer* of *kind* to the former. *Cowardise* is as much afraid to be *known*, and therefore as loath to walk without her mask as *covetousnesse*, and would as gladly arrogate to her self the *never* more abused *names*, then *now*, of a *wise caution*, and a *Christian prudence*; as that *other* of a *vertuous thrift* and *necessary providence*.

Instead of being (as *wisdom* commanded his *Disciples*) *wise as serpents*, Gentlemen are become meer *Serpents in wisdom*; and have rendered themselves very capable of that commendable *character*, which was long ago given to the *Serpent*, *They are more subtile then all the beasts of the field*; and the *prudence* they boast of, and under which they vail a *carnal mind*, and a *carking cowardly soul*, is nothing else but a *worldly policy*, or rather a *Devilish subtilty*. They have made one half of the text quarrel with, and justle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the *wisdom* of the *serpent* to so high and *intense* a degree, that it cannot *admit* the *least* proportion of the *holy Doves* more necessary *innocence*. Such a foraminous piece of *Net-work* has *Christian Prudence* been

been made of late, that these *glib serpentine Politicians* can so *wind* themselves *in* and *out* at pleasure, as if they meant neither *God* nor *man* should ever know certainly where to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the *Gentlemans prudence* to endeavour to *Out-wit* an *All-wise* God, and to go about to put *fallacies* upon him out of his own *word*, often making even Gods most *righteous precepts* the *Topicks* of his *disobedience*. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of *one* law, by a *pretended obedience* to *another*; and by setting Gods *commands* at variance *one* with *another*, thinks to *steal* away his beloved *sin*, and not to be taken *notice* of? He dares not *take up his Crosse and follow Christ*, least he should become *felo de se*, accessary to his own death; Nor knows he how to *forsake Father and Mother for Christs sake*, without a breach of the *Fifth Commandment*, which binding him to *honour both*, he cannot see how he may in any sense *forsake either*. He dares not *part* with *houses* and *lands*, for fear he might seem to *dispise* Gods good *blessings*; nor *hazard* his *estate* in the *vindication* of his *Religion* and his *Loyalty*, least he should

ſhould be ſaid to have thereby *thrown away* the *oppertunities* of expreſſing his *bounty* and his *charity*; He knows how much he is obliged not to *deny Chriſt before men*, and to *give an account* of his *faith* to ſuch as *demand* it of him; but then he produces a *text* which tells him of *daies wherein the prudent ſhall keep ſilence*, and theſe daies he ſuppoſes ſtill *preſent*, whenſoever his *perſon* or *eſtate* may be *endanger'd* by an *open heart*, or an *ingenuous tongue*. He will be ready to ſuffer *perſecution* for the *Goſpel* of Chriſt, and, with St. *Paul*, to be *bound* and to *dye*; but this muſt onely be when his *prudence* is at a *loſſe*, and he can find out no way *juſt* or *unjuſt* to avoid all this. As long as there are *ſhifts* enow left him, ſuch as *diſſembling* language, *Covert* engagements, *cunning* flatteries, *treacherous* compoſitions, *petty* contributions, *underhand* compliances, in things both *Civil* and *Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honeſt evaſions*, to ſecure both *life* and *livelyhood*. Thus he is content to ſet him down in *quietneſſe*, whileſt the *enemies* of Gods *Church* advance in *troops* and *armies* againſt her; and thinks it enough, when he can ſay he *wiſhes* all wel, and *praies for the peace of Jeruſalem*.

It

It were no *prudence openly* to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any side; alas, he is but *one single* man, and *one's* as good as *none* against the stream of the *multitude*, not considering that where *one* does not *joyn* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* Champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrel, such as have no *estates* to look after, no *families* to provide for, when if all were of *his mind*, there would not be so much as *one*; and besides, who has greater reason to *labour* than he that has already received so great a share of his *wages*. What though he freely *gives* away a large portion of his goods to the *Enemies* of God? it is but the way to *secures* the *rest* for *better* purposes. What though he be constrained with fair *speeches* to *flatter* up the *transgressors* in their iniquities? his *heart*, for all this shall be for *God*, his *prayers* for the *Church*, and he is as *good* a *Christian*, & as *loyal* a *subject within* as the best. Alas, tis no great matter to *comply* a little in outward things, to lay an hand upon a *Bible*, to *invoke* the *sacred Name* of God, and *seemingly* to renounce *Religion* and *Loyalty*; God knows, he *intends* no such matter, but onely takes this

this course to keep his *Family* from ruine, and to preserve himself *safe* and *whole* to do *God* and his *Church* more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to go to *Church* or *Conventicle*, so he may by frequenting *either* be thought to *favour* the *Religion* in *Fashion*, and so not be suspected an *Enemy* to the *God* that *rules*, the *man* in *power* with a *sword* in his *hand*. He can take a great deal of *pains*, rise *early*, and go *farre*, to encourage a *seditious* Lecture, and when Sermons done with an *Hypocriticall* face *smile* upon the Preacher, and *inviting* him home with him witness his *thanks* and *approbation* in a *good dinner*; But he holds it *imprudence* to frequent that *true worship* and *service* of God, which the *excellency* thereof and the *command* of his superiours commends to his *conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill-affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *good men* believe his soul *abhors*. He dares countenance *Rebellion* and *sacriledge* both with his *tongue* and *purse*; but esteems it *dangerous*, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to contribute so much as a *good look* to the Encouragement

of the truly *Religious* and *vertuous*, leſt he ſhould be ſuſpected by the *proſperous* ſinner, an Enemy to *Treaſon* and *Wickedneſſe*.

Til we can find a way how to *caſt out* this *Prudent Divel*, which (as the *Prophet* tells us) is *wiſe to do evil, but to do good has no underſtanding*; we ſhall ever hear this *poſſeſſ'd Gentleman* crying out with the *Damoniack* in the *Goſpel*, *what have we to do with thee Jeſus thou ſon of God? Why art thou come to torment us before our time?* Such a perfect *Gout* is this *prudent Cowardiſe*, that the lame *Gentleman* ever *cries out* at the very *ſight* of any thing looks like *Religion*, as if it would come too *near* him, and *touch* him upon the *ſore place*. So ſad a thing is it to ſtand in *feare* of *health*, leſt it ſhould make us *ſick*; to *tremble* at the *ſight* of what would bring us to *Heaven*, leſt we ſhould *loſe* our *Earth*; and to take ſo much anxious *care* to preſerve the *Body* whole, for fear a *courteous wound* ſhould ſet open the dore, and give the *ſoul* leave to *fly out* into *Heaven* and be at *reſt*.

If ſuch men be truly *prudent*, then are all true *Chriſtians* undoubtedly *fools*: Or if this *over-wargneſſe* be no more but a *prudent* and *Religious Caution*, then are moſt of our *Engliſh*

liſh Gentleman (which *I* have not yet *charity* enough to believe) *Prudent Chriſtians.* But (alas) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt *two*, ever to come ſo *high* as *Heaven*; and a *cold Indifferency* comes ſo far ſhort of that neceſſary *zeal*, which is the unfailing *conſequent* of true *Piety*; that it is *impoſſible* it ſhould ever be Crown'd with eternal *happineſſe*. He that is not deeply *in love* with his *God*, cannot place his abſolute *felicity* in the *fruition* of God; and he that is *afraid* to *do any* thing, or thinks it *prudence* to *ſuffer nothing* for him, is not *in Love* with him. God his long agoe told the *Gentleman*, and all others, how much of another *temper* he muſt be who will *live for ever*, inſtructing him what an *immediate contrariety* there is betwixt being *for God* and *againſt him*, ſo that there can be no *mean* left for ſuch a *prudent Indifferency*: betwixt *fighting under Chriſts Banner*, and being the *Divels Souldiers*. *Moderation*, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferency* is a *commendation*; but the *Gentleman* needs fear as little that he can be *over-zealous* in a *good matter* here upon Earth, as that he may be *over-happy* in Heaven. As there be no *Angels* but ſuch as

are either *very good*, or *very bad*, ſo every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint indeed*, or elſe *ſtark naught*. He that *ſits ſtill* ſhall come as *ſoon* to *Hell* as he that *ſweats* in *purſuit* of it. But whoſoever hopes to come to *Heaven*, he muſt *ever run* and with his face *that way* if he will be ſure to *obtain*. I would wiſh that *Gentleman* who has not the *heart* to *confeſſe Chriſt before men*, to conſider, how he can have the *courage* to hear *Chriſt denying him before his Father which is in Heaven*, or to endure thoſe *torments* in *Hell* which he ſhall be ſure undergoe for not *confeſſing* him here upon Earth. Such a *Lukewarme* ſoul is ſo *Nauſeous* unto God, that he muſt at laſt *Spue him out* into the Bottomeleſſe pit.

If this be *Chriſtian Prudence*, to ſecure an *Eſtate*, or preſerve a *Family*, or ſave a *life*, by being *frigid*, and ſo *Spiritleſſe* in our *Profeſſion*, as may make us *nauſeated* by God and ſet us at ſuch a diſtance from Heaven; a *true Chriſtian* ſhall have as little reaſon to *envy* the *Gentleman* his *Prudence*, as the poor *Church* of *England* has cauſe to be *proud* of his *Courage*.

Sect. 5. *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable* and *Honeſt-natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poor *Church* of *England* is not much more indebted for his kindneſſe then to either of the former: this is *he* that is ſo far from being Cordially ſenſible of the *afflictions of Joſeph*, or the *deſſolations of Jeruſalem*, that he ſeems to have hardly ſo much of an *humane ſpirit* in him as to underſtand the *meaning* of thoſe two *words*, *Happineſſe* and *Miſery*. *Three parts* of his time at leaſt, he ſpends in *ſleep*, as if he were reſolved to *die* all his *life* long; or by this courſe to keep himſelf *ignorant* of the *Concerning* affairs of the *world*, being *loath* to come *acquainted* with the truth of thoſe evils which he is reſolved not to take any pains to *remove*. The other *quarter* of his time he carefully *divides* betwixt his *meals* and his *ſports*, and this he calls, living a *good*, *honeſt*, *quiet*, and *harmleſſe* life, ſuch as *hurts* no body.

Sometimes he ſeems even to *envy* the very *ſtones* that conſtant reſt which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophy*, which tells us the *caelestial bodies* are in a *perpetual motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *Eternal Sabboth of rest* for all those that go thither, he is *almost perswaded to become a Christian*, yet is he in a great *straight betwixt two*, for though he *love* his *rest* too *well*, yet he *hates* the very *name* of *Sabboth* much *more*, especially when he hears St. *John* telling him, that, the *Angels* and *Glorified Saints never cease Day nor Night from praising God*.

Sometimes again he seems to grudg the poor *bruit Animals* their *Irrationality*, and to *share* with them, endeavours by a *sordid sensuality* to degrade himself into a *Beast*, or at least, to become as *like* one as *humanity* will permit him. That he may be better *acquainted* with their *natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawk*, henceforward become his principal *companions*; with these he *plaies*, and with these he *discourses*, and towards these

(if

(if you ſeriouſly conſider all his *terms of Art*, you will be ready to ſay) he has his *ſet forms* of *Complement*: and indeed his whole *ſtudy* is to learn readily to ſpeak that *language* wherein he may be *underſtood* by the filly *animals*. When the *weather* or his *health* or the like will not befriend him in theſe exerciſes *abroad*; then he ſits at *home numbring* his *minutes* by the *turns* of his *Die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets ſo much liberty abroad, as to meaſure out his *hours* by the motions of his *bowl*. Such a mercileſſe *Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he fears he ſhall never looſe or deſtroy faſt enough) his *pretious time*; that he alwaies ſtudies to invent variety of *Executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burns* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it under his *horſes hoofs*; again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *tears* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*; there is nothing he will leave unexperimented, till he have certainly found out a way to prevent its *natural*, *honeſt* and *commendable departure*.

Theſe Courſes he willingly allows himſelf in, and deſires to have *all* thought no

more or *worse* then his *contempt* of the *world*, and his *study* of *retiredneſſe* from thoſe *diſtracting combrances* thereof, which are unworthy of a *Chriſtian*, or a *Gentleman*. Sometimes he delights to conſume a great part of his time in unneceſſary *viſits*, but ſtudies withal to make them ſo *unprofitable*, as if he were deſirous to have it thought men were *made* onely now and then to *look* upon one another: his *diſcourſe* (what there is of it) being ſo *idle* and *impertinent*, that it ſerves to no other end, then to *exerciſe* his *tongue* and keep it by much *motion voluble*; leſt for want of *uſe* he ſhould in a ſhort time (as he does by moſt good things) forget to *ſpeak*. Sometimes you ſhall have a *Complement* from him, but puff'd up with ſo many *hyperbolical* expreſſions of *your worth*, and of the *incredible* reſpects he has for *your perſon*, that you cannot chuſe but ſuſpect he only *labors* how to be *diſbelieved*; or has learned of his *Dogs* how to *fawn* and *flatter*. And thus when he has made a ſhift to *loſe* an *hour* or two, and to *trouble* his *friends* with much *impertinent* talk, he returns home again to *eat* and *play*, and *ſleep*, and ſpend the remainder of his time as *idly* as he can.

In

In a word this sort of *Gentlemen* borders so closely upon him we first described, the *Gallant*; that I shall not need to say more of him, then only this, that he has some *degrees* lesse of *madnesse* then the other; he seems as yet but to *hang* about the *doors*, and has not gain'd an *admission* into the *Society* of *Rauners*: Nor is this because he wants a *Genius* or *inclination* to evil in the general, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded so much to *this*, is forced to abstain from its *contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Chest* with a *Golden Chain*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into so many *costly* riots; or else a *leaden dulnesse* so much oppresses his soul, that she cannot *Soare* so *high* in the vast *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one* vice, he is to thank the *contrary vice* and not the *vertue* for it; or at best, he owes it to an *Infirmitie* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the most part this *Gentleman* is (as the *Philosophers* use to say of their *first matter*) though not perfectly *formed* into all those *noble* qualifications (as they are usually

ſually miſcalld) of the *Compleat Gallant*, yet is he, at leaſt, in a *remote diſpoſition* to all or any of them: As the *Polypus* is ſaid to be alwaies of the ſame colour with the neighbouring *object*; or as the *Looking-Glaſs* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *ſuperficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any* body; of the *Religion*, and the *Humour*, and the *faſhion* of his *Companions*, as neer as his own *weakneſſe* will permit him to *imitate* them. And this is it which commonly purchaſes him the repute of a *Civil*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*, a *Good-natured* and *ſweet diſpoſition'd* perſon; Only becauſe he knows as little how to be *angry* with a *vice*, as how to be *guilty* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *ſoft* and *Compliant* ſoul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *ſmile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *ſpeak* with every one in his *own* language; He *Complements*, and *Praiſes*, and *Flatters*, and performs *all* the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *ſhadow* in the *Glaſſe*, only by *reflection*. *For* a *fair word* he will part with his own *ſoul*, and *with* a *fair word* he does often occaſion the *ruine* of many more: whileſt he loves as much to flatter *others* up

in

in *their* wickedneſſe, as to be flattered up *by others* in his *own*. *Say* and *do* what you will (ſo you injure not his *perſon* or *eſtate*, nor rob him of his beloved *eaſe*) you are ſure to have his *approbation*, and if for this *he* may have *yours*, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

Sect. 6. *The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet *another* that challenges a *room* in this paper, and truly deſerves his *place* as much as any: If he will not be *angry*, and in a rage *ſwear* to burn the paper, when he finds himſelf ſet in the *laſt* and *loweſt* place, all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majeſtick he*, whom I dare hardly *name*, leſt he ſhould take it as an *affront*, for though he *hunts* after a *name* and *reputation* amongſt all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *diſparagement* of his *Vertues*, and an *undervaluing* of his *Honour*, to hear his *name* from *any* mouth but his *own*. But moſt of all he eſteems it *prophaned*, when mention'd by perſons ſo *inconſiderable*, as all thoſe of our *Colour*, unto ſuch as

himſelf

himself have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himself as much *too good* to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians too mean* to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely *God* is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Deity*, he phancies it to be *singular*, & that there is *none other besides it*; when (alas) this *Idol* too is *just nothing*. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this Gentleman can first *create* to himself a *God* out of *nothing*, and then fall down & *worship* the idolized *Vanity* which his own ridiculous *phancy* has thus *set up*. That he does indeed more esteem this *shadow* then the true *God*, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oaths*; for when he intends what he saith shall *unquestionably* passe for *serious* and *creditable*, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other Oaths he hath enough, by the *Glorious Majesty* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too litterally the *burthen* of his *discourse*; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for *confirmation* of the *truth*, but as the *sportive recreation* of his *tongue*, and the *graces* and *Ornaments* of Good *Languege*.

He it is, that (whereſoever he be) will see that

that *all* men do their *duties*, but *himself*. And he doth *something* well herein, except, when by a *proud miſtake* he calls an *unmerited reſpect* to his own *ſuppoſitious vertues*, their *indiſpenſible duty*. He looks that *all men* ſhould obſerve as great a *diſtance* from his *perſon*, as *he* is reſolved to do from their *vertues*; or as if *already* he were (where I wiſh by the much deſpiſed grace of *humility* he may *at laſt* be found) in *heaven*. He expects no leſſe *obſervance* and *reverence* from his *Tenants*, then as if he were not only *Lord* but *Creator* of the *Manor*: as though he would be thought as much *maſter* of the *Univerſe*, as he is the *ſlave* of his own *Ambition*. He *walks* up and down ſo *wantonly* and *affectedly*, as if he intended thereby principally to *demonſtrate* to the world his great *perfections* and *excellency*; that he muſt take much *pains* to do *amiſs*. This *Lordly* Sir, ſo long as he can but get a *cap* and a *knee* from his *Inferiors*, and the *chair* at every meeting with his *betters*; he thinks that all the *bleſſings* of Heaven (though a *Crown* of *Glory* be one of them) can *adde* nothing to his *Honour*: Were it but for *this one* reaſon, he would never make it his buſineſſe to come

thither,

thither, becauſe he may juſtly *deſpair* of ever being the *beſt* man *there*. If it may be conferred upon him as an *Honorary reward*, and upon the *meritorious* claim of his *vertues*, he will perhaps be *content* to wear the *Crown*; but as a *gift* he *ſcorns* it, leſt he ſhould *draw* upon himſelf an *obligation* to the *Donor* by accepting it: And as his *wages* he ſcorns no leſſe to acknowledge it, for as he has not by any labour *earn'd* it, ſo is he afraid to be look'd upon to his *God* in the relation of a *ſervant*.

In ſhort this *Gentleman* phancies himſelf endow'd with ſuch a *transfigurative* excellency, that (as the *Philoſophers ſtone*, once *found*, ſhould turn all things it touch'd into Gold) he ſuppoſes it able to turn all things into *Gentile* and *excellent* which he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever *deformity* the *dull* eye of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-weaning humor* looks upon as no leſſe then the moſt *abſolute* of all *vertues*: and he conceits himſelf ſo *immoveably* fixed and ſetled upon the higheſt *Pinacle* of *Honour*, that *Baſeneſſe* it ſelf ſhall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himſelf placed at ſo great a

height

height, it is no great wonder if he become ſo *giddy* at length in all his actions; and beholding *others* at ſo great a *diſtance*, I marvel not, that he begins to ſee *men* like *Moles* upon the earth, and to think them all ſo *blind*, that they cannot *diſcern* his *vanity*. *This* indeed it is that makes him think neither *Church* nor *State* worth his regarding, he can with *dry eyes* behold both *veſſels ſplit* at once, and in the mean time *flatter* himſelf up with the *Divelliſh* hopes of *Enriching* his *Ambition* by the miſerable *wrack*.

This is he, that can think it no *injuſtice* to *rob* the whole world, & *riſle* the ſtore-houſe of *nature*, to *adorn* his Body and *humour* his Palate; to wear the *portions* and *livelihoods* of (I know not how many) *Orphans* and *Widdows* in a *Bandſtring*; and carry the *lives* and *fortunes* of many languiſhing *ſouls* upon his *little finger*. I wiſh that whileſt he caſts ſo ſcornful an eye upon theſe poor *naked Beggars*, he would but ſeriouſly conſider how many of their *contemptible rags* he hath *pick'd* up together, to *patch* up all that *bravery* upon his *own* back; whilſt either his *oppreſſion* occaſion'd, or his *uncha-*

charitableneſſe prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almoſt the whole *creation club* to maintain his *Ambition*, and returns a *deriſion* in requital.

This Gentlemans chief *paſtime* and *ſport* whereby he makes himſelf *merry*, is to *laugh* at *two* ſorts of men, The *Godly* and the *Poor*, the *one* as a *Practiſian*, and he that has *unmann'd* himſelf by too much *Religion*; the *other* as the *out-caſt* of *fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing elſe, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *ignorance* to make him *merry*. The *Black-coat* or *Parſon* (for by theſe *names* he thinks he does ſufficiently *pay* the *Divine* and *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Supercilionſneſſe* and *diſdain*, as if the very *colour* of his *Coat* were odious and an *Eye-ſore* to him, or as if becauſe *ſhame* and *fear* keep him from *immediate* and *direct Blaſphemy*, He were reſolved to expreſſe his *ſplene* againſt God *himſelf*, by deſpighting his *ſervants*. He is ſeldom or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *ſleep*, or is diſpoſed to be *merry*, and then he comes to *Church* and *there worſhips God* juſt as he *honours* his *Miniſters out* of it: Nay he is unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that *ordinary civility*, which and much *more* he expects from his own *Chaplain*, that of a *cap* and a *knee*: Or if his *breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *Piety* has *reverence*; then shall all his *Religion* be pent up into this *one* poor *ceremony*, and so he makes his *worship* all one with his *complement*.

This is he, whose intollerable *pride* makes every thing, that is not the very *baseſt* kind of *Flattery*, passe for an *Affront*, and an high piece of *diſreſpect* unto his *Perſon*. For this immediatly he studies a *revenge*, which he has learn'd to cal a neceſſary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What an excellent *Chimiſtry* is there in such deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit* of *Honour* out of the very *dunghil* of *unworthineſſe*; and find so admirable a *ſweetneſſe*, in that which cannot be thought better then the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envy*, I mean, *Revenge*! Let but the leaſt *circumſtance* of that *reſpect*, he supposes due, be omitted, and presently there flies out a *Chalenge*, and for the most part so *vauntingly* worded, as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* should do more *execution* than his *ſword*.

By this means he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may *wound* his *courage* before they *meet*, and cause his *heart* to *fail* him before the *Encounter*; for *this* indeed is often the *only* way his *late repented temerity* uses to leave him, for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *levell* with his *Ambition*, tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, wil asswage his *fury*; in the *field* therefore he often sends his *body* to the *Grave*, and his own *Soul* to *Hell* at a Blow. This is his *Gallantry*, and this the necessary *vindication* of that *Honour*, which is so tender, that every thing except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile compliances* with his own unconstant *humour*, *rends*, *spots*, or *grieves* it: and which nothing can *wash clean*, or make *whole* again: but the *heart blood* of him who durst give the *Affront*.

I hope he wil not take it as *such*, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to *trace* him through the wild *Labyrinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long ago with no small complacency lost himself, and all things which look

like

like *vertue*. I wiſh all men, whom he ſtudies to *provoke* into an *madneſs equall* with his *own*, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then ſhould they *anſwer* all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, That God would give him more *courage*, then to ſuffer himſelf to be thus baſely *affronted* and *domineer'd* over by ſo *dangerouſly* inſulting a *Paſſion*, without the leaſt *Eſſay*, towards the *juſt vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are valuable.

Sect. 7. *The concluſion of this part.*

I ſhould as much *tyre* you (*Sir*) as my ſelf, ſhould I *run* (though with never ſo much *haſt*) over all the particulars of the *Gentlemans vanity* and *madneſſe*; which are ſo *inſeperably*, for the moſt part, *interwoven* one within another, that I fear *I* may already ſeem too *abſurd*, by *dividing* them into ſo many *Sects* or *Species*. The plain truth is, *Vice* ſeems to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* ſo much *boaſts* of; that which conveys it ſelf through all the *Gentlemans veins*, and is diſperſed into all the ſeveral

members of the body, in a meaſure ſuitable to the *capacity* of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-ſoul* which *informs* and *actuates* the whole *body* of *Gallantry*; and which is *communicated* to the particular *members* thereof, not by an *execution*, or *diſtribution* of *parts* and *degrees*, but (to borrow once more the *Philoſophors* phraſe) it is *wholly* in the *whole*, and *wholly* in every *part* of the *whole*. If the great *variety* and *diverſity* of *operations* will yet needs plead for a further *diſtinction*, we muſt ſay, what we uſe to ſay of the *various actings* of the *ſame* ſoul. This *diverſity* ariſeth not from a *multiplicity* of *Souls* or *Principals*, but from the many *powers* and *faculties* of that *one* ſoul, and the various *diſpoſitions* and *qualities* of the *Material Organs*.

Really, Sir, the *Gentleman* we have hitherto ſpoken of, is but the more *curious* and *coſtly inſtrument* of *ſin*, and would appear ſuch a *breathleſs* thing *without* it, that a man might wel queſtion whether or no he would be found an *animated beeing*. For ought that I can yet diſcover, he has no more *motion* then what *vice* gives him, excepting *that* which he expreſſes when he is *aſleep*, which (ſetting

(ſetting aſide his *exceſſe* therein) is almoſt the *onely* thing wherein he looks *like* a man.

To give you therefore the *concluſion* of this whole *character*; call him *any thing* but what he *would* be call'd, and you can hardly *miſcall* him; for indeed he is almoſt *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to wear fine cloathes, and throw away much *money*: to *eat* the *beſt*, and *drink* the *beſt*, and *do* the *worſt*: one that ſeems to have been ſent into the world, to help *away* with the *ſuperfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to *devour* all thoſe *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *ſin*. He knows no *ſhame* but that which ariſes from *ſingularity*, nor any *ſingularity*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

Sect. 8. *A more particular application of this Character to our preſent Engliſh Gentleman.*

It has, alas, been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *two*: and never was there a more unde-

niable *demonſtration* of this truth, then in the preſent *Gentleman* of *England*; to the no leſſe *diſhonour* of the whole *Nation*, then *diſparagement* of his own *name* in particular. Whileſt there is nothing *more* his *talk* and his *boaſting*, then his *blood* and his *Breeding*, and yet nothing *leſſe* his *care* then to *dignifie* the one, or make a *right uſe* of the other, How *few* of thoſe *Gentlemen* have we now to *ſhow*, who dare make it their *buſineſſe*, and their *glory* to be *ſerviceable* to their *God*, their *Country*, or the *Church*; or that have *breaſts* ful of that *Heroick* courage and *magnanimity*, that may *embolden* them to *renounce* a ſin that is *profitable* or in *faſhion*? How *rarely* are the men to be met with, who indeed have a real *ſenſe* of *any* thing, but their *Meat*, their *Drink*, their *Apparel*, and their *Game*! Except you will inſtance in ſome of their moſt notorious *vices* wherein indeed they do too truly *emulate*, and labour to *outvie* each other.

Heretofore when this ſhatter'd *Nation* was a well cemented *Kingdom*, and enjoy'd thoſe (*then* ſlighted, but *now* much deſired) bleſſings of *peace* and *plenty*; how by a *ſtudied* abuſe of thoſe great mercies did the

Gentleman

Gentleman even *dare* Almighty God to puniſh *him* or his *Nation*! And now that a *ſad* and *long* experience of their Contraries, has made him feel, though he will not yet be truly ſenſible of, the lamentable conſequents and effects of his former bold wickedneſſes; how dos he inſteed of *confeſſions*, *petitions* and *vowes*, draw up, as it were, his *Remonſtrances* againſt his God, and wages an open *war* with *Heaven*, endeavouring to *force* the *Almighty* unto a *compoſition*, and that upon the moſt *unacceptable* terms in the world? It is is too manifeſt (alas) to any eye, how little *holineſſe* has been the *Product* of thoſe *Judgements* which have doubtleſs, among *other* ſins, been the eſpecial puniſhments of the Gentlemans *Luxury* and *prophaneneſſe*. We here him indeed very frequently crying out upon theſe *ſad times*, but too ſeldom reflecting upon thoſe much *worſe men* who occaſion'd them. Like a churliſh *Dog*, ſnarling at him that *beats* him, but never conſidering whoſe the *fault* was that *cauſed* the beating. I know not, *I* confeſs, what ſhould make the Gentleman ſo *Atheiſtical* in all his Actions, as either formerly he has *been*, or now *is*; Except

Gods *mercy* on the one hand perſwaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgment*; or his *Judgements* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*; except he dares think the *benefits* he formerly enjoyed *greater* then a *juſt* God could poſſibly confer upon ſo *unworthy* a *ſinner*; or the preſent *Judgements* he now ſmarts under, *rather* the *croſſeneſs* of an unkind *fortune*, than the *tokens* of the incenſed *wrath* of an *Angry God*. Whence elſe ſhould he be either ſo *ſtupid* or *unnatural*, as neither to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*?

Sect. 9. *The Winner and the Looſer in theſe times.*

I find *two* ſorts of ſuch *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner* the other is the *Loſer* in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *ſported* our ſelves in our own *Miſeries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of theſe thinks himſelf much *too happy* already, to become now *Holy*. The fortunate *ſucceſs* which he hath had in his *ſins*, makes him onely *repent* that he practiſed

ſed them no *ſooner*; and the *taking* way of *Religious pretences*, makes him *ſorry* for nothing but that he was no *earlier* an *Hypocrite*: It is a very ſad thing to conſider what foul *trieks* this *Politick* Jugler every day *plaies* behind the glorious *hangings* of theſe *Religious pretences*: what deadly *poyſons* he has ſent abroad into the world in this *perfumed breath*. This *Gentlemans* onely *Religion* is his *Art* of *Diſſimulation*; the fair *gilt* which makes his *Copper Coyn* to paſſe ſo *corrently*. O what a *chargeable* commodity has this *Legerdemain* been to our little world! Whileſt they who *have* it, purchaſed is at no *lower* rate, then that of all *ſincerity* and *honeſty*; and they that will live *ſafe* by them, muſt become as very *knaves* as *themſelves*. That *Garment* of *Religion* which is now worn and in *Faſhion* with theſe men, is of a very *ſlight* ſtuff, and indeed by long *wearing* and often *piecing* is ſo very full of *diverſly* colour'd *patches*, that it is hard to ſay which is *that*, which belong'd at *firſt* to the *whole*: And whence is all this, but from the *Gentlemans* ſcorning the good and ſtrong *lineing* of *Morality* (ſo much now adaies decried by the moſt)

which

which would have held all much longer *together*: he is the onely *Saint* in the world (if youl believe himſelf) and the *Moral-man* is no companion for him. O how many fair *Eſtates* and glorious *Churches* has this mans *furious zeal* reduced to *aſhes*? and yet, alas, the long promiſed *Phœnix* of *Reformation* appears not yet. How many *Palaces* and *Temples* has his *Pietty* defaced? How many rich *treaſuries* has his *ſelf-denial* plunder'd? And whence all this, but becauſe *Robbery* and *Sacriledge* are much more *profitable* appendages of *his Religion*, then the more *coſtly formalities*, and *expenſive ſuperſtitions* of the *other*? To how many *Sons* of *Rebellion* has that one plauſible pretence of *Chriſtian liberty*, by this Gentleman, been made the *Mother*? And yet for all this is our *Freedom* but ſtill in *Idea*, and our happineſſe a *Phancy*.

How *dearly* has the *Church* paid for the *New-coyning* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaneneſs* and *Ribaldry* into *Diſſimulation* and *canting*? O what an enriching commodity is *hypocricy*, which has ſet up ſo many *Broken tradeſmen* in the world *compleat Gentlemen*? And *extracted* our moſt

refined

refined Nobility out of the very *droſs* of the *People*! Indeed if to be *rich*, be to be a *Gentleman*, if to be *crafty* be to be *prudent*; if to *diſſemble* be the highway to be *ſainted*; and to be *fortunate* the ſole *felicity*, which terminates the *hopes*, and muſt crown the *endeavours* of a Chriſtian: if the *fears* and *cowardice* of *fools* and *ſinners*, and the *ſcorn* and *pitty* of the *wiſe* and *good*, will make a man truly *honourable*, who hath no *foundation* of his own whereupon to *build* a *Reputation*; then is this *proſperous* and *thriving* Gentleman, and none but ſuch as he, the *true* Gentleman of our Nation.

But the Gentleman on the *loſing ſide* wil, I know, think it too much (and wel he may) that another ſhould grow ſo *honourable* at his *coſt* and *charges*, and give him ſo few *thanks* for his *honour* when he has it. He is no leſſe troubled to think how he ſhall yield him ſo much *honour now*, then he was to part with his *eſtate* to him a *while* ago. But then, alas, what does this Gentleman, who (with no ſmal paſſion) calls himſef a *loſer*, towards the *regaining* of what he has *loſt*? truly juſt the *ſame*, which at firſt *occaſioned* the *loſſe* it ſelf: as if not being *Evill*, but

but *evil* to a *leſſe degree* had been the *onely cauſe* of all his ſufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times *more* a *ſinner* than *before*: He ſo behaves himſelf under the *correcting* hand of God, as if he thought, the merciful God did onely *chaſtiſe* his *children* to make them *cry* and *complain* of his unkindneſſe, not at all to make them *ſenſible* of their *errors*, or forſake their *wickedneſſe*. Certainly ſuch a *reſentment* of Gods dealings with us is a *ſtubbornneſſe*, not a *penitence*; and ſuch a *prepoſterous* improvement of Gods *deſerved* judgements, is the way to provoke him unto *more* and *greater*, not to *perſwade* him to withdraw the *leſſe* and *lighter*. O that the *ſuffering* Gentleman would but ſeriouſly think of this! who grows dayly (as tis viſible in all his actions) *worſe* by *correction*; and only *ſwears* at, and *curſes* his *oppreſſors*, inſteed of *faſting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledge* of *Looſers* to *talk* what they *liſt*, though never ſo *prophanely*: and looks upon this *time* of his ſorrows as the chief *opportunity* of ſerving *himſelf*, and *eaſing* his *heart* by all kinds of *merriment*: and therefore

fore he makes haſt to *drink* and *play* away his *cares* and the ſcant *reliques* of his *eſtate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be half ſo bad as he is, were it not more in *oppoſition* to his *enemy*, then out of *love* to his own *vices*. He often abhors and abſtains from the vices of *other men*, not (as good *Chriſtians* do) for the *ſins* ſake, but for the *ſinners*; from *whom* he endeavours to ſet himſelf at ſuch a *diſtance*, that he never reſts till he be gotten into the contrary extreme, and often into the more *ſcandalous*, though not alwayes the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *oppoſite* but of its *own name*, nor any means were left him to become *one* way *better* then his adverſaries, but by being *another* way *worſe*. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, leaſt he ſhould be thought ſo too, will be *openly prophane*. If the one will not *ſwear* or *kiſs* the *book* when called to it by a *lawfull* Authority; the other to be croſſe, will ſwear a thouſand *idle oathes* againſt Gods expreſſe *command*. Thus betwixt them do they labour to ſhow the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheiſm*.

I might to *these* very seasonably here adde a *third* person, one that has plaid his *Cards* so well, that he is neither *Loser* nor *Winner* in this *Sad Game.* One, who (I am sure) has done as little *Good*, as he *thinks* he has done *hurt* to any body: who still makes a shift to lie *lurking* in some *hole* or other till the *sport* (as he calls it whilest it touches not him) may be over, so he can but *sleep* in an *whole* skin, and with a *full* purse, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this *Quiet Soul*, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his *ease* and *safty* better than his *God.* If you desire to read him more at large, *I* must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident*, *Prudent*, or *Peaceable Gentleman*, you will be sure to find him.

Sect. 9. *How good Englishmen such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poor *Church* or *Kingdom* of *England* has to brag of her *Gentry*, *I* think *I* have abundantly told you. Her *richest Sons* do not alwaies

alwaies prove the most *affectionate* and *Natural* to their *Disconsolate Mother.* But indeed daily aggravate her *grief* and *sorrow*, by their *prodigal* courses and most *barbarious* behaviour. What do they lesse then with the ungrateful *Mule*, hourly *kick* at the *paps* which gave them *Suck*? And with the bloody *Tyrant* whose *Character* it was, to be *a lump of dirt kneeded up together in blood*, they have *torn* out the very *Bowels* of a most *compassionate* and indulgent *Mother.* Our *Church* may very well complain of some who would be thought her own *Sons*, as *God* of his ungrateful people of old, *She has brought up Children and they have rebelled against her, and among all the sons she has nursed up, there is none to pitiy her or lead her by the hand.* When they were *full* and waxen *fat*, then they *forgat God*; and now that some of them are *lean* enough, nay as the *fat kine* in *Pharaohs vision*, even *eaten up* of the very *leanest cattle* in the Nation; yet being so many waies *smitten they do but revolt more and more.* It will be a *mercy* rather then a *Judgement*, if God *vouchsafe* to *smite* them once *again.*

Thus, whileſt one is *ignorant* and *can* do nothing,

nothing, another *Lazy* and *will* do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and dare do nothing: whileſt one is ſo *prudent* he thinks it not *wiſdom*, another ſo *covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third ſo *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to do any thing but what may foment his own ſinful inclinations: Whileſt one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*; whileſt one has a *Wife*, another a *Farm*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbeſeem* their *dignity*, or *croſs* their *intereſt*, or *hinder* their *calling*, or *injure* their *Families*, or *thwart* their *humours* (and indeed *theres* the *main let* of all the reſt) to follow *Chriſt* or take care of his *Spouſe*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better, in whoſe *armes alone* they can hope to be *ſafe* from the roaring *Lion*; and to abandon thoſe *Dalilaes* which ſo long as they *court*, they can neither love *Her*, nor ſecure *themſelves*! In a word, I ſhall put up for them a *ſhort* prayer, but a *full* one, if they would but underſtand it—*God make them all ſuch as Gentlemen ſhould be*! And what that is, I ſhall now endeavour, to the beſt of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of

Age

Age and *breeding*, *I* must neceſſarily come as far *ſhort* of him *I* would deſcribe, as *I* have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more *happy*, never to have *known*. The *Gentlemans* vertues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallants* braveries *below his* imitation.

SECT. III.

The True Gentleman.

Sect. 1. *An Apologetical introduction.*

BEing now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentlemans* character, you might very justly expect to meet with *something* truely like the *Subject*, *High* and *Noble*. He is indeed too *sacred* a thing to be *touched* by so *common* a Pen; every *slip* whereof can be deemed no lesse then a prophanation of his worth, who is the liveliest image which God has left us of himself upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so *venerable* an *Excellency*, as all *Encomiums* may be thought *Folly* and *Presumption*, so can *silence* be judged no lesse then a *Sacriledge*: seeing we use to *offer* unto *Heaven*, not so much what we *owe* as what we *may*: *I* think it much

much better becomes me to ſay that *little I can*, then juſt *nothing*; and to tell you, if *not* what the *Gentleman is*, yet at leaſt *ſo much* of his *greatneſſe*, as falls to *my ſhare* to *underſtand*. I had much rather be *cenſured* for committing ſuch a *pious error*, then be *condemned* for the wilful omiſſion of ſo *neceſſary* a *duty*. *I* dare not ſuſpect the *Gentlemans goodneſſe* to be of a leſſe *extent* then *my ignorance*; and therefore *I* doubt not but he can *pardon* as *often* as *I* through *weakneſſe* ſhall *offend*. Where *I erre*, let him think it was the *brightneſs* of my ſubject which *dazled* my *eyes*, and occaſioned me to *ſtumble*. Where my expreſſions fall *low* and *flat*, *I* do beg of him, that he would impute it to that *Reverence* which *I* bear unto *his virtues*, which Commands my *Pen* to to keep it's *Diſtance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apology*, for *I* would gladly *keep off* as long as *I* can, when *I* cannot *draw nigh* without a *neceſſity* of *erring*. Even in this ſhort *Preamble* you may be pleaſed to read *ſomething* of the *Gentlemans Character*; to wit, ſuch a *Greatneſs* as commands a *Diſtance* and *Reverence*, and ſuch a *candor* as can

pardan a *failing*; and (which is indeed the ſum of all I have to ſay) ſuch a *Man* as is *truly* a *Gentleman.* Which *names* ſpeaks *all* that bears a *contrariety* to the *thing* we lately ſpoke of, whoſe very *name* is ſuch a compleat *Summary* of all *Vices*, that there is but one thing left to *denominate* the true Gentleman; I mean, as abſolute a *Combination* of all *virtues.* All which I can confer to his *Character* will amount to no more then an *imperfect paraphraſe* upon his *Name*; and as much as I underſtand of this, take as follows.

Sect. 2. *His General Character.*

The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much *more*, as the *falſe* one is *leſſe*, then what to moſt he *ſeems* to be. One who is alwaies ſo far from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appear in the eyes of others juſt nothing, then not be *every thing* which indeed truly *vertuous* and *noble.* He is a man whom that moſt *Wiſe King*, he beſt reſembles, has fitted with a Character.—*A man of an excellent ſpirit.* This is he whoſe *brave* and *noble* ſoul ſores ſo high above the

ordinary

ordinary reach of *mankind*, that he ſeems to be a diſtinct *ſpecies* of himſelf. He *ſcorns* ſo much the *vices* of the *world*, that he will hardly *ſtoop* to a *vertue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he do, it is by his good *improvement* of it, to *make* it ſo. He is one to whom all *honour* ſeems *cheap*, which is not the *reward* of *vertue*, and he had much rather *want* a name than not *deſerve* it.

This *Gentleman* is indeed a perſon truly *Great*, becauſe truly *Good*; His *Honour* is of too *excellent* a nature to be ſuppoſed the *Creatures* of any *thing* beſides his own *vertues*; and thoſe *vertues* too *eminent* to be eſteemed *leſſe* then the moſt *refined* actions of ſo *great* a ſoul. *He* is no leſſe the *Glory* of *mankind* then *man* the *Glory* of the whole ſublunary *Creation*. One that would every way deſervedly be accounted *more* then what is *humane*, were not one *part* of him *Mortal*; However it is his *firſt care* and *endeavour* to make this *mortal* part of him ſuch, as may make it apparent to the world, how Great an *Excellency* may be the companion of ſo much *frailty*.

'Till he may be ſo happy as to *enjoy* the *Heaven* he *hopes* for, he does what he can to

be an *Heaven* to himself; and by his extraordinary pains, so *beautifies* his soul with all *Cœlestial* accomplishments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*; and seems to want nothing of those glorious Spirits which dwell *there*, but onely to be *without* a *body* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himself whilest in *this* world as no more then a *Probitioner* in the *School* of *Honour*; and makes it his business so to *behave* himself at present, that he may be sure of an *admission* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as *certain* and *durable*, as *true* and *great*: Well knowing that the onely way to be *Lord* of *many* things, is to be *faithful* in these *few* wherewith he is now intrusted.

His *Soul* is so truly *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *Eternity* can *fill* it: So nobly *high* are all his thoughts, that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his holy *Ambition*, that it disdains to *perch* longer then a *breathing space*, upon the most exalted *spire* of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is so *throughly* sensible of the *Cœlestial* Nature of his Soul, that

that (did he not think it *one* great part of his *happineſſe*, to *ſuffer* any kind of *miſery* in *ſubmiſſion* to his *God*) he could not think his *life* leſſe then one *continued torment*; and ſo long a *detention* here upon the *earth*, a meer *reſtraint* and *confinement* from all *comfort* and *bliſſe*.

As for the *bleſſings* of *this* world, he looks upon them, as the *child* ſhould do upon his *farthings* or his *Counters*, ſmall things *indulged* him for the *recreation* not the *buſineſſe* of his ſoul. Yet (ſuch a *Good Houſewife* is *vertue*) he reaps no ſmall advantage to himſelf, from theſe *ſubordinate* enjoyments; which by their frequent *conſenages* perſwade him the more to be in *love* with what's both more *precious* and more *uſeful*. Knowing that his *Manſion* is prepared in *Heaven*, he can eſteem the *world* no better then the handſome *frontiſpiece* to that moſt glorious *building*; where he beholds a great many *fine* flattering objects, and *pretty curioſities* both of *Art* and *Nature*; but all's no more than an *earneſt* and kind *invitation* to him to *enter* in and *poſſeſſe* thoſe unſpeakably excellent *Manſions*, which theſe things ſo dimly *ſhadowed* out unto

his eye; these *well dressed Dainties* which he enjoyes here, he dares but *taste* at most, to *prepare* him an *appetite*; he intends to *feast* himself in *Heaven*.

To give you the *sum* of what I think of him in the *General*; He is every way so much *more* then a *man*, that he is no *less* in all things then *himself*. One whose ratch *excellencies* are such, as would make us believe his *breeding* had bin amongst the *Angels* in *another* world, rather than amongst *Gentlemen* here in *this*: and that he were onely *lent* us a while, an *universal pattern* for Mankind to *imitate*; And to let us see how *much* of *Heaven* (if we will receive it) may *dwell* upon *earth*. He is so *refined* from all *Mixture* of our Coarser *Elements*, as if he were absolutely *Spiritualized* before his *time*; if ever he were *proud* of any thing, it was of being the *Conqueror* of *that*, and all other *Vices*. He *scorns* and is *ashamed* of nothing but *Sin*. He lives *in* the world as one that intends to *shame* the world *out of love* with *it self*: and he is therefore *singular* in all his Actions, *not* because he *affects* to be so, *but* because he *cannot* meet with *company* like *himself* to make him

him otherwise. In a word, he is such, that (could we *name* him) it were *pitty* but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I pitty not much his continuance *here*, because he is *already* so much an *Heaven to himself*.

Sect. 3. *His chief Honour and Dignity.*

His *first Honour* in this world, is to be *born* the most *noble* of Gods *creatures* here *below*; His *next* is to live one of his most *Obedient* and *laborious servants*, like those *above*: His *greatest* to *die* his *beloved Son*, that so he may *reign* with him *for ever*. It was the *Honour* of his *Infancy* onely, to have *Noble Parents*; It is the *Honour* of his *riper years*, that he can *imitate* their *Vertues*, and it will be the *Crown* of his *Old Age* to be as good a *father* as his *own*. *Blood* and *Birth* then stood him instead, when his *tender* years had not yet render'd him *capable* of *vertue* and *Worth*. When he comes to *Age*, He *Enters* upon his *Honour*; not as upon his *estate*, by the *will* or *title* of his *Ancestors*, but by the *claime* of his *merits*; looking upon it not as his *due* or *inheritance*, but as his *choice* and *purchase*. He has an Especiall care

that

that his *Honour* and his *Perſon* may both *live* and *Grow* up, but never *die together*. He accounts it much *below* a perſon of his *quality*, to *owe* all that *reſpect* which is *given* him when he is a man, to his full Coffers; or all the *Reverence* which is *paid* him when an *Old man*, to his *Gray hairs*: But he ſo *provides* for his *Honour*, that whatever *reſpect* is *offered* him, may be eſteemed a *debt* and not a *Preſent*; and that his *future goodneſſe* may not be thought the *Product* of the *Old*, but rather an *obligation* to *New reſpects*: Such he *civilly accepts* when *paid* him, but ſeldome *challenges* when *delay'd* or *withheld*; ſo far I mean, as they concern his *perſon*, not his *office*. For though it be *one Honour* to *deſerve*, yet is it *another contendedly* to *want* them. He needs never go *abroad* to *ſeek himſelf*, and therefore he hearkens with more *ſafety* to his *own conſcience*, then the *peoples acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himſelf *Honourable*, then be *told* that he *is* ſo.

His higheſt *ambition* is to be a *favourite* in the *Court* of *Heaven*; and to this end his *policy* is to become not a *Great* but a *New* Man:

Man: and to *dreſſe* up himſelf in all thoſe *Spiritual Ornaments*, which may make his ſoul truly *amiable* in the eyes of the *Great King*. He conſiders how that he owes *himſelf* unto *God*, as he is his *Creature*; and he endeavours to *diſcharge* that *Old* debt, by a moſt earneſt and importunate *ſuite* for *New* favours; ever praying that God would make him *fit* to *ſerve* him, by making him firſt a *New Creature*. He could never yet think the *Old Man* fit to make a *Courtier* of *Heaven*; and therefore he uſes to walk in his *white Robe*, and his *Wedding Garment*, that ſo he may be admitted into the *Kings Preſenſe*. He furniſheth himſelf betimes with ſuch *apparel* as this, and he *fits* and *ſettles* it to his ſoul *before-hand*, knowing that the *longer* it is *worn*, the more *ſplendid* it *Grows*, and the *more* it is *uſed*, the *longer* it will *laſt*; the onely way to *wear it out*, is, not *to wear it at all*: but having once *attired* himſelf in this *Habit*, now *every day* is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward *every where* at *Court*.

But that which he eſteems his great *Honor indeed*, is *this*, that he can with *confidence*, and *truly*, call *God* his *Father*, his *Saviour* his

his *Friend* and his *Brother*, the *Church* his *Mother*, and the *Angels* his *fellow servants*. Such *Parents*, such *Kinred*, and such *Company* he may safely *boast* of; but this he does no *other* way, then by his *Obedience* and *Gratitude*. He behaves himself as a *Kings son* ought to do, that is, he does nothing *misbecoming* his *birth* and *Dignity*.

Sect. 4. *His Out-side and Apparel.*

If we may spare so much time from the Contemplation of those *richer* Excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *Out-side*, we may there behold the *Ingenuous Embleme* of his *better self*: so much good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*; and present you (so far as the *matter* will bear it) with the fair *picture* of a *Noble Mind*. He would gladly so *polish* and *adorn* his *body*, as becomes the *lodging* of so *great* a *Soul*. He looks upon *it* as a thing onely *so far* deserving his *care* and *pains*, as it is a necessary *Instrument* of her *operations*: and yet he rather could wish himself (might it so be) *freed* from the

cumbersome

cumberſome company of his *Fleſh*, becauſe it proves often ſo great a *clog* and *hinderance* to the more *active* and *vigorous* inclinations of his *better* part. So long as he is *confined* to his *Tabernacle* of *clay*, he makes the *beſt* that can be made of a *Neceſſary Evil*: ſo *feeding* his *body* that it may have *ſtrength* enough to *ſerve* his *ſoul*; and ſo *cloathing* it, that the *other* part may be kept from *freezing*, and *fit* for more *ſprightly* actings. Indeed he never makes *much* of his *Earthly* part, but in *ſubſervency* to his *Spiritual*; that ſo he may the better, as he is commanded, *Glorify God both with body and Soul, which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve in his *Habit*, ſuch a *Gravity* as beſeems a *Chriſtian*; and yet ſuch a *decency* as becomes a *Gentleman*. He chuſes rather to have his *diſtinction* from other Men founded in his *vertues* then in his *cloaths*. Herein he ſhows that he looks more after what's *ſerviceable* and *uſeful*, then what's *pleaſing* and *faſhionable*. So much *curioſity* he has, as not to be *ſlovenly*; and ſo *little*, as it cannot ſhow that he is *vain* or *wanton*. He had rather have his *Apparel Rich* than *Gaudy*,

Gaudy, and yet rather *warm* than *Rich*. It is *neatneſſe* not *bravery*, a *Decent* not a *Gorgeous* attire, which, next unto whats *uſeful*, he aims at.

In every *ſuite* he buys he hath as great a regard to the *poor* mans *neceſſities* as to his own *humour*, and makes choiſe of that *Cloath* or *Stuff* which may pleaſe *God* hereafter upon the *Beggars* back, more then what he knows may now flatter the wanton eye of the *World* upon his *own*. He has much better thoughts of *Vertue*, then to hope his *fine cloaths* may gain him a *reſpect* where *that* could not; nay on the other ſide, he knows that *Goodneſſe* is enough of it ſelf; to advance the *Rag* above the *Robe*, and a *Leathern Cap* above the *Golden Diadem*.

He pitties the *unskilful wantonneſſe* of the world, which alwaies (as *Children* and *fools* uſe to do) ſets an higher value upon the *Varniſh* and the *gilded frame*, then on the lively *features* and excellent *Art* in the rich *piece* they adorn: and he calls it a *blindneſſe*, at leaſt, a *weak ſight*, which cannot *behold* a *vertue*, but (as we do a *dull picture*) through the *Gliſtering Glaſſe* of *Vanity*. He

eſteems

esteems his *penny* in the *Poor* mans *purse* a much greater *Ornament*, then a fair *Plume* in his own *Hat*. Neither knows he how he may with a good *conscience* wear that, which might be made many a poor mans *livelihood* (as too many now love to do) in a *Band* and a pair of *Cuffs*. He is more pleas'd to see his own *cloaths cover* anothers *nakednesse*, then *displaying* his *lusts*: and thinks it more honourable to wear the *charity* then the *bravery*.

If his *Place* or *Office* challenge an *Habit* above his desires, by what he is forced to do, he showes what he *would chuse* to do; and most lively expresses his *singular humility*, in his *necessitated Gallantry*: showing how he can *condescend* even to any thing, so it be *innocent*; though by a *Conformity* contrary to his natural *inclinations*. And even herein he takes care to provide himself such *Apparel*, that his *cast suite* (as we call it) may not be quite *cast away*; and to this end he chuses rather to swagger it in *Gold* then *Tinsell*, in *Cloath* then *Stuff*: that so it may be *sullied* before it be *torn*, and *unfit* for *him* to wear, before it be *worn out*; and *then* most becoming the *poverty* and *mean* condition

condition of another, *when* it shall be below the *State* and *Dignity* of his *Place* and *Person.*

It is most certain (and the *Gentleman* knows it as well) that the *Temper* and *Disposition* of the *Soul*, is no way better *Discernable*, then through the *Habit* and *Garb* of the *Body*: He that longs after *New fashions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from *one* and the *same* dangerous *Principle*, an *unconstancy* of *mind*, and a *desire* of *Novelty*. The *True Gentleman* knows it by *experience*, that where there is no *levity* in the *thoughts*, there appears no *alteration* in the *Body*; where no *inconstancy* and *Pride* of *Soul*, there's no *change* or *flaunting* in the *cloaths*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed* and *resolved soul*; he has one *constant* Garb and *Attire*; and he will never yield that to be *one of fashion*, which is both *Serviceable* and *Frugal*. Alas, the poor *Body* (he knows) desires nothing but what may preserve it *alive* & in *health*; It is the *lascivious Soul* which calls for all those other *superfluities*; and the *Gentleman* accounts it below him to gratifie his *lusts*, and

and to be at so vast an *expence* to *cloath* his *Humour*. He could never, since he was a *child*, play with a *Feather*, or think himself happy in the *Glistering* of a *Lace* or *Ribband*. He leaves these *toyes* to those *silly Creatures* who are resolved to continue for ever in their *childhood* or *infancy*, and *dare* be so *foolish* as to think a *broad Band* and a *flaunting Cuff*, as necessary as *Heaven*. He can *think* himself a *man* without such a *vanity*; and *know* himself a *Gentleman* without any such *mark* or *bravery*: alwaies wearing such *cloathes*, as his *Body* may in *old age* have good reason to *blesse* the *moderation* of his *soul*; and the *needy* may have no less cause to pray for the *health* of his *body*.

Sect. 5. *His discourse and Language.*

When you hear him *speak*, you will think that he intends no lesse, then to give you a *taste* of his *soul* at every word: Nor indeed is it possible you should in any thing plainlier discover the *nobleness* of his *spirit*, then in his *sweet breath*, so *divinely* moulded into most excellent *discourse*. Every

word *he* ſpeaks, ſpeaks *him*, and gives you a fair *Character* at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you reſpect the *Quality* of his *Diſcourſe*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is *fit* to be ſpoken, then what he is *able* to ſpeak. His *words* are moſt *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His *Phraſe high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombaſtick*; His *Sentenſes cloſe* and *full*, but not *obſcure* or *confuſed*. His Diſcourſe is neither *flaſhy* nor *flat*, neither *Boyiſh* nor *Effeminate*, neither *rude* nor *Pedantick*: It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenuous*; *Virile*, *ſtrong* and *maſculine*, *yet ſweet* and *winning*: He loves a *ſmooth* expreſſion, but not a *ſoft* one: a *ſmart* or *Witty* ſaying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*. His words are thoſe which his matter will beſt bear, not ſuch as his *Phancy* would readilieſt *ſuggeſt*. No poor half-ſtarved *Jeſts*, no dry *Inſipid Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*: hardly a word in all, but what hath its Emphaſis, nor any ſentence without it's full weight.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his Speech, it is not *Long* but *Full*; not *Much* but

but *Great*: He ſpeaks not alwayes, but when he ſpeaks he ſaies All. He as often ſhows how well he can be ſilent, as how well he can ſpeak; and others alwaies love more to hear him talk, than he himſelf. He makes no leſſe uſe of his Ear in all companies, then of his Tongue; and by his ſerious harkening to the more impertinent diſcourſes of his Companions, plainly proves he has no leſſe *Patience* than *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that *unruly Beaſt* in moſt mens mouths) as much at his *command*, as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *reſt*, as well as both *move* at his pleaſure.

His ſayings are never long or tedious, but they alwaies reach home; and he will very ſeldom take any thing leſſe then a *Neceſſity*, for an *Opportunity* of ſpeaking. But then uſually he delivers all with that facility and perſpicuity, as if his words were not the *elect* & *voluntary*, but the *ready* and *natural* emanations of his Soul. No *Paſſion* ſhall at any time more diſturb the Order of his words, then it can Cloud the Serenity of his *forehead*. He cannot make himſelf merry, much leſſe proud, with his own

Inventions; nor does he ever catch at the applauſe, but aims at the Edification of his Auditors.

If you will look upon the *matter* and *ſubſtance* of his diſcourſe; you ſhall ſee, tis alwaies what he *finds*, nor what he *makes*: not what he ſuppoſes may afford the *faireſt field* for his *Phanſy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *beſt Garden* of ſuch choiſe *fruits* as the *Stomacks* (not the *Palats* onely) of his company ſhall be beſt able to *bear*: Or ſuch as may prove moſt *Medicinal*, when ſeaſonably applied to the ſeveral *diſeaſes* of thoſe that *hear* him: Theſe he alwaies ſtudies rather to *heal* then *diſcover*, and yet rather to *diſcover* than *flatter*. Hence he often diſtributes amongſt them the bitter as well as the ſweet: and rather that which may *nouriſh*, then what may *pleaſe*.

And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*: for he makes even the ſoureſt Apple (which he knows to be *wholſom*) ſo *pleaſant* to the *eye*, that he *forces* ſuch as need it, by a *Pious Fraud*, into a real *love* of what *naturally* they moſt *hate*. Indeed the onely way which for the moſt

part

part in such company is left him to prevent the *loss* of his *own* time, is to make others with whom he converses gainers by his *society*: and he does his utmost endeavour, that every one that hears him, may by what they hear, either *gain* a *vertue*, or *lose* a *vice*.

This is it, which makes him very carefull to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed able to *vitiate* either his *own discourse* or the *minds* of his *Auditors*. And very good reason *he* has to be more *cautious* in this respect then *other* men, seeing the most *odious* vice from *his Language* would gain so great a *Lovelinesse* as would probably make it one of the strongest *temptations*. But his *Rhetorick* has too *sweet* a *face* to be made the Mother or Midwife to any thing that has the *Monstrous* shape of *Sinne*: he should fouly Adulterate so great a Purity, who should go about to *match* it with any thing lesse than *Piety* and *Vertue*.

Obloquy and *Scurrility* are too deformed and *wryfaced*, to gain any place in his *Affections*; He that is able, when he will, to create to himself a *Reputation* not inferiour

to the *higheſt*, *ſcorns* as much, as he *needs* little, to *rob* any *other* man of *his*. His fingers are too clean to be fouled by throwing *dirt* in other mens faces. He is as much afraid to diſcover a blemiſh in another mans *eye*, as he is to ſuffer a greater in his own; and wil rather *charitably* condeſcend to lick out the Mote with his *tongue*, then deridingly to talk of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his Nails in vexing an old ſore, and ſcratching till he make a new one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion. Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is fain to *feed* upon ſuch *nauſeous dyet*. Other mens infirmities, eſpecially if natural, or accidental, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pitty, then of his Merriment and Deriſion. He judges it a *cruelty* proper to *weakneſſe* alone to *Murther* the *Sick*; no true *ingenuity* can be ſo *barbarious* as to ſport it ſelf in the *misfortunes* of the *miſerable*. He eſteems that (as well he may) a meer *Dwarfiſh wit* which cannot tell how to ſhow it ſelf to the world but by *trampling* (and ſo *advancing* it ſelf) upon the *Reputation* of others. It is a Barren Phancy, or at leaſt has alwaies a very Hard

Hard Labour, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *misfortune* muſt be the *Midwife*. The *True Gentleman* has both more *wit*, more *honeſty*, and more *charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be ſo *fooleſhly*, ſo *unworthily*, ſo *Tyrannically* buſied.

Nor doth he leſſe abhor to come near that filthy *puddle* of *obſcanity*; 'tis a *Sow* and no *Minerva* that can be for ſuch naſty food. He never carried the *Goats tongue* in the *Gentlemans head*, but wiſhes that all who do ſo would for ever uſe it as *Goats* do, that is, continue alwaies *mute*. All his diſcourſes are as *chaſt* as *fair*, and the ſweet *Loves* in recital whereof he ſo much pleaſeth himſelf and all thoſe *Good* men which hear him, are no other then thoſe betwixt God and his own ſoul.

He is too *juſt* to himſelf and his own *unuſurped Majeſty*, to ſuffer his talk to *flag* into an *idle* much leſſe a *wanton* ſtrain of *Drollery*: that's too *Plebian* and *Vulgar* for a *Gentleman*, and *this* no leſſe too *foul* and *Beaſtly* even for a *Man*: and he muſt be more then *both* theſe in every expreſſion, a *Chriſtian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *aſtoniſhment* as *pitty* and *compaſ-*

sion, hear those *puny* souls, which can invent no other method of *Grating* their Discourse, and make it *taking*, but by a *complacent* rehearsal of their own and other mens *uncleannesses*; nor can find *matter* for an *hours* talk, without being beholding for it to a *Mistresse* or an *whore*; Or at best by *dressing* up some empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be merry, but as Children use to be, with a *Baby* or a *Rattle*.

His Soul presently *boyles* up in a pious *Agony* within him, whensoever he hears a *vain Oath*, or any thing that sounds like *prophaneness*: He never mentions the dreadful *name* of *Almighty God*, but with that due *Reverence* both of *Soul* and *Body* which suits with its *greatnesse*. He is too much the *friend* of God, and is every way too neerly *related* unto him, to hear him *dishonoured* with *patience*; or to suffer his *name* to be made so *vile* and *cheap*, as to be used (as too commonly it is) onely as an *expletive particle* to prevent a *Chasme*, or make up a *Gap* in the *sentence*, or to make all run more *smoothly*.

He has the like Holy respect for Gods *Word*

as

as his *Name.* He is too much in *love* with *Scripture* to ſee her *proſtituted* to every *licentious phancy*, and by an impudent *wreſting* made the ſubject of every *Atheiſtical* wit. The *Gentleman* looks with a more *reverent* eye upon this *ſacred* Fountain: not as ſet open to be *troubled* and made *muddy* by the *Wanton Goats*, but to *water* and *waſh* the tender *Lambs.* He uſeth it further as a wholſome *Bath* for his *White* Soul, which will preſerve her both *clean* and *whole.*

I ſhould injure the *Gentleman*, to dwell any longer upon his *negative* vertues. Onely, this is an *indulgence* given to our *ignorance*, that we are allow'd to ſpeak in the *negative* of all *Great* perfections, and ſay what they are *not*, when we cannot, as we ſhould, expreſſe what indeed they *are.* If you will hear what I have to ſay more of his diſcourſe in ſhort, then know, that all his *words* are not onely the *pretty pleaſing*, yet *empty bublings* of a *reſtleſſe Phancy*, a *raging luſt*, or a *wanton* and *frolick Humour*; But all of them the *grave*, *weighty*, and *well proportion'd breathings* of his *great* and *Holy Soul.*

Sect. 6.

Sect. 6. *His Behaviour and Civility.*

His whole *Behaviour* and *Carriage* is *maſculine* and *noble*; ſuch as becomes his *Heroick* ſpirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderful *Humility* and *Courteſie*. His *Body* is only made *ſtraight*, & the more *it ſelf*, not (as moſt mens are) *new moulded* by *art*: He has juſt ſo *much* of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to *laugh* at thoſe that have *too* much. He has made more uſe of the Vaulter and Fencer, then the Dancer; for his deſire was more to be a *Man*, then a *Puppit*, and to be a *ſervant* to his *Country* rather then his *Lady*.

If in things of *this* nature he ſometimes ſtudies anothers ſatisfaction more then his *own*, he will ſhow how much he can be *more* then a man, not how much *leſſe*, and how *active* he can be, not how *Apiſh*. He ſo behaves himſelf, that by what he *does*, you may rather conclude he *can* do *more* if he *will*, then that he *hath* done *all* he *can* do. In theſe, as in all things elſe of the like *indifferency*, he manifeſts his *greateſt* power *there where* moſt men have the *leaſt*, in *refuſing*

ſing to do, what he is ſure would gain him the empty applauſe of the Multitude: Though, ſo far as he can judge the *ſport* or *Recreation* innocent and lawful, he had rather manifeſt a *ſlighting* and a *diſregard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complements* are not (as in others) the wild *extravagances* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *natural* breathings of a ſincere *kindneſſe* and *reſpect*; His civility is alwaies one, with his *Duty*, his *friendſhip*, or his *charity*. A *Court-dreſſe* cannot bring him in love with a Lie; nor can he look upon a *Faſhionable Hypocriſie* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *glorious cheat*; He judges of all *diſſimulation*, as in it ſelf it is, for though in *Complement* the *Practice* of it may ſeem *Princely*, yer in its own *nature* he knows tis *Devilliſh*, and in rhe *iſſue* will prove *damnable*. He ſcorns to be Sathans Scholar, though for ſo profitable a leſſon: for it was He indeed was the firſt Maſter of this *Ceremony*; when he Complemented our firſt *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradice* at once; tickling their ambition with this ſtrain—*Ye ſhall be like Gods.*

It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiours* are obliged to render unto *him*, may ſeem no more then an imitation of that he pays unto his *Superiors*: And that the *courteſie* and *civility* of his *equals* may be thought nothing elſe but the *reflection* of *his* towards them. But if another's kindneſſe chance to get the *ſtart* in ſhowing it ſelf, he makes it appear that his *backwardneſs* proceeded not from any want of good will, but opportunity; and he endeavours to requite the *earlineſs* of his *friends* Courteſie, by the *meaſure* of his *own*.

His *Inferiors* may behold in him how well *Humility* may conſiſt with *Greatneſs*, and how *great* an Affalibility, Authority will admit of. By his *practice* our *licentious* world might eaſily be convinced, that *Freedom* and *ſubjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his *words*, and all his *Actions* are ſo many *Calls* to *Vertue* and *Goodneſs*, and by what he himſelf *is*, he ſhews others what they *ought* to be. If *Heaven* were ſuch a thing as ſtood in *need* of an *aſſiſtant* Temptation (which a man would almoſt believe when he ſees how little men love it for it

ſelf)

self) certainly it would make choise of the *Gentleman* as the loveliest bait to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown so *stupid* in their sins, as to fall in *love* with Hell; were they not *infatuated* even to a *confidence* in those *vanities*, which are *worse* then *nothing*, and *besotted* into a *sensuality* below what's *brutish*; who would not make *haste* to *Heaven*, were there no greater Happinesse than the fruition of such a *companion*, as is the *True Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all *speed* he must resolve to go that intends to enjoy him *long*: for he makes too much *haste* to that *place* of happinesse, to stay *long* by the *way*. Such *Good men* indeed are *soon taken away*, and this is so little *laid to heart* by us, that we have great reason for our own sakes to fear, that *they are taken away from the Judgement yet to come* upon this sinful and rebellious Nation. The world grows so thin of such as he, that we may too truly now say he is but *one* of a *thousand*; and then tis no lesse then a *thousand* to *one* that very shortly whosoever would *find* him, must go to *Heaven* to *seek* him. And indeed it were an high

high injury to perſwade him to a longer *ſtay* here, except we would aſſure him of our *company* thither at laſt.

Sect. 7. *His Inſide.*

It is now time to take a ſhort view of his *Inſide*, and it muſt indeed be a very *ſhort* and *imperfect* one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate *event*, if ſuch *weak* eyes as mine are, ſhould *gaze* too *long* and *intently* upon the *Glorious* body of the *Sun*. I ſhall onely therefore be ſo *officious* to ſuch (if any ſuch there be) as need my help, as to ſet *open* the *windows* for them, the *Sun* (I am ſure) will *ſhine* in of it ſelf. And truly his *rayes* dart in ſo *thick* and *faſt* upon us, we ſhal hardly know *which* to take notice of *firſt*: An *underſtanding* here we meet withal, ſo *clear* and *unclouded*, a *Will* ſo *regular* and *uncorrupted*, *Affections* ſo well *refined*, ſo *orderly*, and *unintereſted*, that tis wholly evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education built* the Houſe and ſet all in *Order*; ſo do *Religion* and *Morallity Govern* within, and betwixt them keep all *clean* and *handſom*.

His

His *vertues* ſeem to be ſo much the *Neceſſary* and *Natural* Emanation of his moſt *active* and *boundleſſe* ſoul, that he is in danger by being *altogether good* to loſe the *praiſe* and *honour* due to ſo *eminent* a Goodneſſe: If he could *leave off* to be *Vertuous*, the world might then ſeem to have ſome *excuſe* for being *vicious*. But his *Goodneſs* is too *abſolute*, to grow *out* of *love* with *it ſelf*, and too *knowing* to lie *obnoxious* unto ſuch a *cheat*, as to part with her *own* face, in exchange for the *faireſt* of *Vices*. I wiſh the world would *forbear* to *love* vice, till he *begin* to *forſake* vertues; and that all our *Gentry* would endeavour to be like *him*, till *he* become like *them*, or *eſteem* any thing truly *Noble*, which he cannot *prove* to be really *Good*.

As for his *Intellectual* Excellencies, ſo far as he ows them *purely* and *immediately* to *God* and *Nature*, I think it not fit ſo much as to touch any further upon them; leſt I ſhould not bear up *euen* in that great *variety*, wherein they are diſtributed among the *many* inviduals; God having *proportion'd* them out unto the *ſeverals* in ſo *different* a meaſure, as nothing but his own

Infinite

Infinite wiſdom can give a *particular* reaſon of it. Onely this I may ſafely ſay, that whatſoever his *talent* is, the Gentleman *Digs* not in the *Earth* to *hide it*; but ſo *trafficks* with it, till *Art*, and *Induſtry* have brought in an *Encreaſe* ſome way proportionable to the *Stock* of *Nature*: at leaſt to that degree which may intitle him to the *Euge* of his Lord; and the Glorious *welcom* of a *good and faithful Servant*. He makes uſe of Gods *Bounty*, not as a *Warrant* for his *ſloath*, or an *indulgence* to his *idleneſſe*; but as a *Spur* and motive to a grateful *Care* and *Induſtry*: Not as a *treaſure* to be *prodigally ſpent*, but a *ſtock* to be *thriftily huſbanded* and improved: He accounts it a thing moſt unworthy in a *Gentleman*, to be an *Ill husband*, eſpecially where the *treaſure* is *Gods*, and he but his *Steward*; yet ſuch a ſteward, as has the *uſe*, as it were, of his Lords *purſe* for his Incouragement.

His *aequired* Intellectuall accompliſhments, are too *numerous* and *various* to be here characterized; ſomething muſt be ſaid of them hereafter in his *ſtudie*, though but very little; for I chuſe rather to *inſiſt* upon what

what denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *great* and *knowing*: for though the *latter* be *uſeful* and *excellent*, yet the *former* are, more *praiſe worthy* and *neceſſary*.

Sect. 8. *His command over himſelf.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Inſtruments* and *ſervants*, not the *Guides* and *Miſtreſſes* of his *Soul*. He ſubjugates his *Will* unto *Reaſon*, and *this* to *Religion*; and by this means it comes to paſſe that he never miſſes of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, becauſe he never *wills* but what is according to *reaſon*, nor thinks any thing *Reaſonable* but whats *honeſt* and *Lawful*: thus by making *Gods will* his *own*, he is never *croſt* in his *deſires*.

Thus he exerciſes the *firſt* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home*; and that he may be more *expert* in governing *others*, he firſt *practiſes* upon *himſelf*; and learns to command his *inferiour* Soul. He will not *ſubmit* in the leaſt to the *Tyranny* of a *Paſſion*, nor hearkens he further to the moſt tempting *Suggeſtions* of his *Senſitive* part, then

he ſees the *ſubject* to the *grave* and *ſober* dictates of its lawfull *Empreſſe Right Reaſon.* His *affections* when *prepared* and fitted by an *unprejudiced Judgment* to his ſervice, he denies not to put into *exerciſe*, but imployes them as ſo many *wings*, whereon his ſoul may be carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *indulgence* in him, to ſuffer his *Paſſions* to be their own *carvers*, and *chuſers* of their own *objects*: for *theſe* being the Natural *Daughters* of his *untamed ſenſitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *diſcreet* in their chouſe; like *wanton* and *imprudent* Girles, they would pitch upon the *faireſt* rather then the *beſt*, and more labour to *flatter* the *ſenſe* then *obey* the *Reaſon*: As their *Lord* and *Soverain*, therefore he *appoints*, and *Reaſon cuts* them out their work, and *aſſigns* every one its proper task; and by this means at length they become the *beauty*, *ornament* and *ſtrength*, which otherwiſe had naturally been, the *Blemiſhes*, *Diſorders*, and *Infirmities* of the Man.

He deſires in all things to be *above* the *world*, thats his *Ambition*; and therefore *he ſets his affections on things above*, and *points* them

them out the way to *Heaven*, thats his prudence. The ſoul without them would be *lame* and unable to *go*; and they without its *eye* of *Reaſon*, are *blind* and know not which way to go: but (as the *Cripple* upon the *blind mans* back) let but the *judgement* direct *them* in the *right* path, and then *they* will carry the *ſoul* to Heaven. The *Gentleman* is too much a *man* to be *without* all *paſsion*, but he is not ſo much a *beaſt* as to be *governed* by it.

In this *moderation* and *Empire* over *himſelf*, where he gives *Law* to his *Affections*, and *limits* the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the inſatiable *cravings* of *ſenſuality*; the juſt *rule* he goes by, is not *opinion* but *knowledg*; not that *leaden* one, which is ſo eaſily *bent* and made *crooked*, or *melted* and *diſſolved* by the *heat* of *paſsion*, or the *arts* of *Sophiſtry*, into *error* and *Skepticiſme*; but that other *Golden* one, which lies as *cloſe* and *firm*, as tis made *ſtraight* and *even*. When he would *imprint* the true *lovelineſs* of any *object* upon his affections, he takes it into a true *light*, and has a care to remove from before his eye all thoſe cunningly wrought *Glaſſes*, or other inſtruments of *Sathan* and

Lust, ſet ſo frequently to *prejudice* and *deceive* the *ſight*; whatſoever might cauſe him to *miſtake* a *falſe* object for a *true*, or to ſee a true one *amiſs*: ſo endeavours he to be as free from *error* as from *vice*: eſteeming it as a *ſin* to act againſt his *knowledge*, ſo a *ſhame* at leaſt to be *deceived* in his *opinion*.

He judges of *things*, as he does of *men*, not by what they *promiſe*, but by what they *prove*; and ſo he *truſts*, and *loves*, and *fears* them, not for what in *appearance* they *ſeems* to be, but for what in the *uſe* & *trial* of them he *finds* that in truth they *are*. He accounts not an *Ox* therefore more *terrible* than a *Lyon*, becauſe he is *greater*: nor a *Pebble* more *deſirable* than a *Pearl* becauſe tis *heavier*: But he firſt collects the *Excellency* of every thing from its *uſefulneſſe*, and *tendency* unto that *end* he *aimes* at in the *perſuit* after, or *uſe* of it, and then he *proportions* his affections according to that *degree* of excellency, he has thus *rationally* concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the firſt place *Lord* it over his *Paſſions*, till in a long *obedience* ſhe have ſerved out her *apprentiſhip* to his *Reaſon*; then is

she deservedly *enfranchised* into a *vertue*, and so becomes at length her *Lords Mistress*; and this *she* will get him a *reward* for his service in *Heaven*.

Sect. 9. *His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a Brave *Heroick* vertue, which is as a *second soul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enspirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*; I mean, *Christian Magnanimity* and *Greatnesse* of *Soul*. This presently heaves him up to that *size* that the wide *world* seems too *strait* and *narrow* to contain him, or afford *room* enough for him to expresse the *activity* of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at *small* things, and disdain to go *lesse* then his *Name*. Being carried up on *high*, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he casts *down* his eye upon those *little* Happinesses, which seem enough to satisfie the *narrow* souls of other men, with no little *contempt* and *scorn*; but on those poor *starvelings* themselves, whose *earthly appetites* can make such *trash* their *diet*, with as much *pity* and *compassion*. It is this *Vertue* which so *ennobles*

all his *actions* that they bear a juſt proportion to the *largeneſſe* of of his *thoughts*, and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this ſame *Vertue* which makes his own *Boſome* his *Treaſury*, and that ſo *rich* and *ſelf-ſufficient*, that all the *external* felicities this world has or can *caſt in* to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as ſlender a regard, as the *Widows Mite* would have been by the great *Lord* of the *Temple*, without a large *augmentation* from her *piety* and *devotion*. It is this *vertue* which makes him a *calm* in his own *breſt*, when the whole world beſides *rages* like a *troubled Sea* round about him. Let the *ſtorm* and *tempeſt* threaten never ſo loudly a *ſplitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* ſouls; he knows not how to fear, whileſt his courage is his Anchor, and Innocence his ſafe Harbour. This is it which makes him conclude their labour very ill ſpent, who for the cheriſhing of a childiſh humour, uſe to *ſweat*, and *conſume* their *ſtrength* and *Spirits* in purſuit of a *Feather*; or *ſtrain* their *backs* to take up every *ſtraw* that *gliſters* in their way. It ought to be a much nobler *Game* then ſuch

a

a silly *fly*, that this *Eagle* vouchsafes to *stoop* to.

But as this brave *Virtue* thus teacheth the *Gentleman*, to be *enough* to himself, and rest *content* and *satisfied* with what he hath at *home*; so does it likewise teach him to be *too much* for himself, and commands him not to vindicate *all* of himself wholly to his *own* use and service. It were pitty so *great* a *Goodness* should be thus *confined* within *one* subject, as not to be able to *distribute* something of it self to *every* one of its neighbours. Nay this *Christian Magnanimity* doth so *stretch* out his Soul, that ever *that* too seems to be *communicated* unto *others* besides himself: It is a kind of *violence* and *restraine* to her to be pinned up within the narrow *Province* of one *Individual* body, and therefore she studies how she may *enlarge*, if not her *Empire*, yet her *charity*; and make a *number* by being the *objects* of her *bounty*, the *witnesses* of her *Greatnesse*. Indeed so *diffusive* and spreading is *Vertue*, when she grows in so *rich* a soyl, that of a *little* she soon becomes *great*, and of *One* a *Multitude*. This *grain of Mustardseed* grows up so fast, and so

great, that many may reap the benefit of its growth, by partaking of its branches. And such a *Cloud*, as at first might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will suddenly make a *nation* happy in that refreshing *dew*, which by its *plenty*, will argue a strange *increase* after so *small* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soul* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*, and make it more than ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the several *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *common* sort of men be such as *force* him against his will to be *singular*; yet to shew us how *unwilling* he is to *remain* so, his *virtues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone*: and hence are all his *breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his company with something *like* himself; and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essayes*, towards the *assimilating* of their Natures unto his own. He is Master of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a treasury of *goodness*, that he may very well afford *every* man a *little*, and yet keep *all* unto *himself*.

He

He knows not how to *be* good; and not to *do* good, and therefore one half of his study is to *give himself* away. Neither his *breſt* nor his *purſe* are ever *ſhut* to ſuch as *need* him, and (God knows) more *need* him, then will make *uſe* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be compared unto a Great *Book*, which alwaies lies wide *open* to the world; that whoſoever wants *advice* or *counſel*, may freely *conſult* him at pleaſure: there they may *read*, what himſelf, as oppertunity ſerved him, has taken great pains to *copy* out *fair* in all his *Actions*, whatever is both *ſafe*, *great*, and *good*; thus in *one* and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *good life*, *Precept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *virtue* more manifeſt it ſelf in a liberal *diſtribution* and *inſtruction*, then in as *free* and *impartial* a *correction* and *reproof*, whenſoever it is requiſite, chuſing much rather to *croſs* the *humour* of his *friend*, then flatter his *vice*; and to loſe his *friendſhip* here, then his *company* (if it may be poſſible for him to have it) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every man by his *own* name, or adde the *Epithete*

which

which is due unto it; that ſo every one that comes into his preſence, may be *afraid* to bring a *bad name* along with him. He can *envy* no man becauſe he cannot ſee any one *better* than himſelf; neither yet can he *deſpiſe* any man, becauſe he really *deſires* every one might be as *good* as himſelf.

So that, whats moſt of all commendable, this moſt excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a moſt exemplary *humility*; and there is nothing can more deſervedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, that he is ſuch a *Diminitive* in his *own*. Nor does this proceed from an *ignorance* of his own *excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *knows* whence he *had* them. Neither dos he therefore *prefer* every man in *Honour* before himſelf, becauſe he knows not what other men are, but becauſe he knows not what they may be. He is really ſo *high* that he may with eaſe *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himſelf ſo *low* that he may go in at the *ſtraight gate*. When he looks upon his own *vertues* (which he had rather *ſhow* then *ſee*, and *have* then *ſhow*) he will not think them *great*, becauſe he intends to make them yet much *Greater*; neither can he tell how to

applaud

applaud himself when he *sees* them *great*, because he knows well how little *he* either *made* or *deserved* them. It is this *vertue* that makes him much more desire the *friendship* of a *vertuous Beggar*, then the *favour* of a *vicious* and *licencious Prince*; because *this* he must assuredly *lose*, seeing he knows not how in a *compliance* to his humour to become *wicked*; but *that* shall never *end*, but *last* as long as his *Heaven*. He chuses his *companions* not by the *outward* habit of their body, but that *internal* of the Soul; and sets an higher *value* on them for their *Merits* then their *Births*. He is so little *proud* of what he *is*, that he is indeed very *humble* for what he is *not*. He will never be perswaded (as most of those we call *Gallants* do) to *pride* himself in his *Vanity*, *Boast* of his *folly*, and *Glory* in his *Prophanenesse*.

Sect. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentlemans *charity*, is no other then his *Soul drawn out to his fingers ends*. Every piece of *money* he hath, bears as well the *impression* and *Image* of this *vertue*, as *that* of his *Prince*; and *this* is it which makes him

him value the *Coyn more*, and the *Silver leſſe*. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*; and for this cauſe he is look'd upon as a *Monſter* in theſe latter dayes, and very *rarely* to be met with.

The courſe he takes to *air* his *Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *diſtribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take ſome pains to become *richer* then others, it is onely to put a *cheat* upon that which men miſcal *Fortune*, and to manifeſt he hath a *power* as great as hers; that is, to make himſelf *poor* again at his pleaſure; and to ſhow that *charity* can entertain as *rich* ſervants as *ſhe*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wiſely conſiders that the *youngeſt* of all may in equity challenge a *childs portion*. He eſteems it a very high *Honour*, that God has vouchſafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in *His* great *Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of *his Epithete* to his *Name*, or *reward* of his *pains* who is recorded in the *Goſpel* for his *injuſtice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to the

the *Lord*; the Honour of being the Lords Creditor is all the interest he expects; and doubtlesse this *Happiness* is not *every* mans, to have *God* his *Debtor*. He accounts it much the *safer* way, to trust his *Charity* than his *Luxury* with the *Bag*; the former will bring in an *even reckoning* in *Heaven*; the latter perhaps a *jolly one* in the *Tavern*, but a very *sad one* in *Hell*. He delights not to see *any* thing *starve* but his *Lusts*, he lets these *crave* without an *answer*, and *die* without *compassion*. I would to God, there were many in the world such as he, we should then see *fewer Beggars*, and *more Gentlemen*. Mens *backs* and *Bellies* would not then so frequently *rob* and *undoe* their *souls*: Nowadayes, the Gentlemans *cloaths* wind about his *body*, and his *body* about his *Soul*, with no greater *kindnesse*, then the twining *Ivy* about the *Oak*; the *Apparel* sucks away the *nourishment* which is due to the *body*, and *this* that *other* which we owe to the *Soul*.

Where he is not able to make his *Estate adaquate* to his *deseres*; he takes a better course, and *Levels* his *desiros* to his *fortune*: though he *seldom* have all that he *deserves*, yet

yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is *needful*, because he *enjoyes* all that he is in *love* with. He makes his *life* and *health*, not his *Estate* or *ambition* the *standard*, his *Reason*, and not his *Humour*, the *judge* of his *Necessities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the use of those *Creatures*, of which by Gods *blessing*, he is made *owner*; that he *sacrifices* very *much* to his *God* in the *relief* of the indigent, *nothing* to *sin*, in satisfying the importunate cravings of his *carnal lusts*. Above all, he is *ashamed*, when *Fortune* hath used him very *hardly*, and spoil'd him of many opportunities of exercising his *bounty* and his *charity*, to permit his *lusts* to use him yet *worse*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He scorns *first* to *swaggar* and *swill* away his estate, and *then curse* his *fortune* for using him so roughly; first to *make* himself a *Beggar*, and then cry out upon his *poor* condition; or to complain he is *as poor as Job*, when every day he *fares as deliciously as Dives*. When he has the *least*, he shows that he is able to live with *lesse*; and when he is brought into a *low* condi-

tion;

tion, he tries how he could bear up in a *lower*; and proves by his *cheerfulneſſe* in that ſome would call *want* and *miſery*, that *Happineſs* does not conſiſt in *ſuperfluities*. He is *content* with *any* thing, and by this means *enjoyes all* things; and is ſo *Charitable* of a *little*, that it is evident in that *little* he *wants* not *much*.

He chuſes rather to be *well* in the morning, then drunk over night; and at any time had rather be free from the *Sin*, then *pleaſe* his *Companions* with the *Frollick*. His *money* is too *little* to *love*, but too *much* to *throw away*: and he had much rather *give* it than *loſe* it; preferring his *charity* before his *Game*, and the *poor* mans *life*, before his *own wantonneſſe* and *riot*: Though he had never ſo *much*, he could never have *more* then *enough*, becauſe he ſees ſo *many* that *want* what *he* has, and *pitties* all he *ſees* in *want*. He looks upon his *eſtate* as that which was given him for *uſe* and not for *waſt*; and upon ſo much of it as he *loſes* at play, as that whereby he has *robd himſelf* of a *vertue*, and *another* of a *comfortable* livelihood; and he cannot *ſport* himſelf with ſuch *loſſes*.

Sect. 11.

Sect. 11. *His Valour and Prudence.*

Having ſpoken already of the Gentlemans *Magnanimity*, I ſhall need to adde very little of his *valour*; which he exerciſes more in *obeying* his *God*, then *Oppoſing* his *Brethren*. His higheſt piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he *conquers himſelf* and his *ſin*; and in this he is alway *practiſing*. He knows that by thus becoming his *own captive*, he ſhall not want the *uſage* of a *Gentleman*; and thus being made his own *Lord* too, he is ſure to be *free* from all the *world* beſides. He looks upon it as the baſeſt degree of *Cowardice*, to yeild unto thoſe *feeble paſsions*, which, did not both *Reaſon* and *Religion* ſtep into their *Succour*, would certainly become the *prey* of every *light* and *empty* toy. His Chriſtian *Fortitude* is ſuch, that he fears not to *Encounter* the Great *Goliah* of *Hell*, or an whole *Army* of ſuch *Philiſtins* as have ſet themſelves in array againſt his *Happineſs*, all at once: not though they be ſuch, as by their *Cunning* have already got *within* him: He never gives over *reſiſting the Devil* till he have put

put him to *flight*. He hath that *greateſt courage* which is ſo rarely found in others, who would be call'd *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in ſpite of the *World*. He ſets himſelf, without betraying the leaſt *timidity*, againſt that great *Bugbear*, which ſo *ſcares* moſt men, not onely out of their *wits*, but out of all *good actions*, *ſhame*, or *deriſion*. Theſe are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulk*, do ſo *affright* the greateſt part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave *flying* till they *tumble* into the *Bottomleſſe Pit* together. The True Gentleman, like the ſtout *Minucius*, has by experience proved theſe *Monſters* to be of more *Bulk* than *Mettal*, and to want *nothing* but an *Adverſary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The *True* Gentleman has ſo much *true valour*, as not to *fear* the brand of a *Coward*, where his *courage* would be his *ſin*, and his *conqueſt* his *ruine*. He is ever the *fugitive* in ſuch a *chaſe*, and dare *boaſt* of nothing but being *routed*. Tis then alone he *fears* not *death*, when he is ſure there is no *Hell* will *follow* it. His *life* is more *dear* to him, then

that he ſhould be content to part with it for any thing *leſſe* then *Heaven*. He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Miſtreſſe* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his own *Soul*: For the ſakes of *theſe two* he is engaged in many a *Duel*, with thoſe *Hereſies* and thoſe *ſins*, which would *ſtain* and *corrupt* the *one*, or *ſteal* away and *deflower* the *other*.

He thinks that *Honour* too *dear* which muſt be *bought* with a *Murther*; and a *Name* which is never to be *worn*, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapeſt*, when *purchaſed* with his *life*. He has much *honeſter* thoughts of his *Miſtreſſe*, then to think her ſuch a *Proſerpine*, that either *he* or his *Rival* muſt be ſent to *Hell*, before *either* can *enjoy* her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no *loſſe* to *die*; but ſuch an one as is often *black*, though alwaies *lovely*: I mean, his own *Mother* and his Saviours *ſpouſe*; the *Church* of God: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high *price* both of *life* and *livelihood*, though (if he might have his choiſe) he had rather *preſerve*

ſerve both to *maintain* it, then *loſe either* to *purchaſe* it, *Loyalty* to his *Prince*, and *Fidelity* to his *Country*: For theſe he does not fear to *Embrace* a *Stake*, to make the *Scaffold* his *Bed*, and a *Block* his *Pillow*; ſeeing he is aſſured, that whoſoever thus *lies down* to *reſt* at *night*, ſhall without fail *riſe* again to *Glory* in the *morning*. He holds it much more deſirable to *live* a *Beggar*, then to *die* a *Traytor*: And that his *honour* and *Conſcience* ſhould expoſe him to *Tyranny* and *Violence*, then his *Treachery* or *Hipocriſie* buy out his *temporal ſecurity*. He thinks it no great matter to *truſt* that *God* with his *Perſon* and his *Family*, who hath *truſted* him with his *Spouſe* and his *Children*.

Hence is the *Gentlemans* prudence, the *Legitimate Daughter* of *Loyalty* and *Conſcience*, not the *Baſtard* of *Covetouſneſſe* and *Cowardice*; tis mixt of *Diſcretion* and *Wiſdom*, not *Craft* and *Knavery*. He was never yet ſo blindly *zealous*, as to worſhip a *Golden Calf* for a God, that ſo he might keep his *Cheſt* from being *broken* open: Nor was he ever ſo abſolute a *Stateſman*, as to call *Rebellion Reformation*, for fear of *poverty*

or an *Haltar.* His natural affection to *wife* and *children* is such that he would enjoy them *for ever* in happinesse; and therefore his care is *so* to *part* with them *now*, that he may *meet* them again in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *eternall*, though by incurring a *temporall*, misery. Such a *Politician* onely he thinks fit for *Heaven*, that hath *prudently* managed his *Lords* affairs upon *Earth*; he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithfull Ambassador*, who prosecutes his *own* design with more earnestnesse then his *Masters*; or acts more vigorously for the advancement of his *own* particular *interest*, then the *Publick Good*, or his *Princes Honour.*

It is his *prudence* to *secure* what's *best*, by the *losse* of whats *indifferent*, whensoever he is *necessitated* to part with *one* of the *two*; and he chuses rather *freely* to part with *that* which he is only *sure* once to *lose*, and by that *losse* become eternally *happy*, then to *throw* away *that* which in spight of *violence* he might for ever have *kept*, and can never *part* with, without his utter *ruine*: If *tares* must spring up amongst the good *corn* in that *field* wherein God has intended him a labourer,

labourer, he had rather ſhow by his *activeneſſe* that they were not ſown whileſt he *ſlept*; then by a *covetous lazineſs* give the *enemy* an opportunity of compaſſing his deſigns; or occaſion the diſheartening of his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* ſhoulder, and leaving them *alone* to bear the *burthen* in the *heat* of the *day*. He can think it a greater *prudence* with the *Diſciples* of his *Lord*, to leave his *father* and his *net*, to follow a *Saviour* through *perſecution* into *Heaven*; then with the carking *fool*, to lie modelling out a *Barn* which may contain his *wealth*, and in the mean time ſuffer his *ſoul* to be ſtoln out of his body by the ſedulous craft of the *ſeducer*.

Sect. 12. *His Behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* ſmile upon him, and be indeed ſuch as he dare cal her *Good*, he makes it his buſineſſe to be altogether as *good* as ſhe; and will be ſure as well to *deſerve* as to *wear* his *Livery*. His care is that her good uſage of him may be rather deem'd the juſt reward of his own *moderation* and *good Huſbandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of ſo

blind a *Miſtreſſe*. He makes his *Proſperity* a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the *opportunity* of *diſplaying* his *Vanity*. He proves by his example, that *he* moſt happily *enjoys* the *World*, that glories *leaſt* in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his preſent flouriſhing condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be *refuſed*, then with eagerneſſe to be *deſired*; and upon what he now *poſſeſſes*, as that which he knows not how *ſoon* he may *loſe*; and therefore he makes himſelf now ſo *careleſſe* an *owner*, that (if the wind chance to turn) he may prove a *cheerful* and *contented loſer*. He dares not phancy himſelf one jot the *neerer* Heaven, for being thus *mounted* on the deceitful wings of *Fortune*, leſt when the contrary Wind of *adverſity* diſmounts him, and his unexpected fall *awakes* him from his pleaſant *dream*, he ſhould find himſelf to be *really* as *low*, as he was before but *ſeemingly high*. If *Fortune* be content to *lodge* with him as his *gheſt*, ſhe is *welcome*; But he cannot be ſo dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertain her, either as his *wife*, or his *harlot*; leſt either an untimely *divorce* ſhould *break* his *heart*, or ſhe

ſhould

ſhould bring a *Baſtard* for a *Son*, and ſo at length *ſhame* and *diſgrace* him. He can neither ſo far *flatter* her as to call her *Goddeſſe*, which he knows of her ſelf to be no more but a *name*; nor ſo far *Honour* her as to *ask her bleſſing*, becauſe he knows that whatſoever *goodneſſe* men are apt to aſcribe unto her, is but one of the *meaneſt* bleſſings of a *greater* then *ſhe*. *Laugh* ſhe never ſo heartily, her *pleaſantneſs* ſhal never *overjoy* him, ſeeing (for ought he knows) ſhe either does or may ere long *laugh* at *him*, and if ſhe *Frown*, *he* can frown as faſt as *ſhe*, and that for her kindneſſe. He never *relies* upon her, becauſe he knows ſhe is naturally ſo *unconſtant*: nor can he ſee any reaſon why he ſhonld be *proud* of being her favourite, becauſe he may every where behold many of the moſt *undeſerving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himſelf.

To ſpeak the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath ſo ſlight an eſteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchſafe her the *Honour* of a *Being*, but leaves that to thoſe poor Heathens who were indeed as *blind* as they *ſuppoſed* her to be. Whatſoever *bleſſings* he enjoyes,

he received them, as indeed they are, as the *bounties* of an indulgent *father*, with *thanks* and *love*; and he useth them to that *end*, for which he supposes so *good* and *prudent* a father would bestow them on a *beloved Son*; so that he may make them as much *instruments* of his own *good*, as they are *testimonies* of his fathers *affection*. He looks upon his Prosperity, not so much as a *reward* for doing *well*, as an *encouragement* to do *more*, and an *opportunity* of doing *better*: Much lesse can he think his flourishing condition, as many seem to do, a piece of *Heavens* flattering *Courtship*, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of *pampering* up his *lusts*, and making himself a *Glorious sinner*. Seeing he has already received so *bountiful* a reward for doing so *little*, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himself a fit object for a *greater*, by doing both *more* and better. Such an *ingenuous* spirit hath the *Gentleman*, that he thinks every reward for whats past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather wait with patience for all his *arrears* together, then ever be thought to have received the *last payment* here.

If

If it be his lot to groan out his daies under the heavy preſſures of *affliction*: he is not like the inconſiderate *drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double* intemperance in *drinking* and *ſleeping*, complaineth that his *head akes*, and begins to *curſe* his *Pillow*, and his *Bed maker*, for his want of eaſe; forgetting to turn that *ſin* out of dores which occaſion'd all this the day before: Not like a *wretched* and *impenitent Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a juſt *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out* upon the *hard heart* of his *Judge*, and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Curſing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *murther* or the *robbery* which brought his *body* into the hands of *this* executioner, and will, unrepented of, deliver his *ſoul* into the far leſſe merciful of *another* hereafter: But like a natural and hopeful child, he ſeriouſly conſiders his own *errors*, which provoked his father thus to *chaſtiſe* him; and ſo by *ſtroking* the hand, and *kiſſing* the rod, and humbly *begging pardon* for his offence, he ſets his fathers affections, which before he had *turn'd aſide*, not *loſt*, into their own proper *channel* again.

He

He looks upon his *Affliction* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and ſo blames *himſelf* for the *occaſion*, but bleſſeth *God* for the *Charity*; with the other, as *Tryals*, and ſo makes it his care that he come not all *droſs* out of the *Furnace*. The ſame fire which *conſumes* others, doth but refine his ſoul, and ſeparating from it, the more groſſe and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergo the *Winnowing*, ſo he may be ſure to loſe the *Chaffe*, and be made all *Wheat*, ſuch as his Lord may think fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is aſhamed to think that God ſhould loſe his pains, and the more he *thraſhes*, find onely more *ſtraw* but leſſe *Corn*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, *more* in *meaſure*, *purer* in *colour*, and *readier* for *uſe* and *ſervice*. Though a *Bryar*, or a *Thorn*, may *ſcratch* or *prick* his *heel* a little, in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *uſeleſſe* blood, though he may ſometimes be ſo *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with ſomething of his *fleece*, and perhaps ſo much of the *skin* too, as may make it *ſmart* a while; Yet has he

too

too *high* a ſoul, to fall ſo much within the *reach* of theſe *creeping* brambles, as to receive from them the leaſt *ſcratch* in his *face*. He alwaies carries an *head* as *erect* as his *hopes* are *high*; and takes great care that neither his *Religion*, his *Honeſty*, nor his *honour* be made to *ſuffer* by it.

He dares not make either a *baſe compliance* with the *vices* of his *perſecutors*, the *refuge* of his *cowardice*; or the *wings* of the *Potent*, by bribing their *Ambition* with *flattery* and *diſſimulation*, his *Sanctuary* of protection. He will not attempt the *lightning* of his ſufferings by a *voluntary* caſting any *part* of his eſtate into the devouring Treaſury of the *Churches Enemy*; nor hope to appeaſe the wrath of a diſpleaſed God, by bringing an *oblation* to the *Avarice* of his oppreſſors; neither doth he eſſay to *drown* his *ſorrows* in the *bottom* of his *Cup*: But he flies, and takes *Sanctuary* at the *Horns* of the *Altar*! and by a *magnanimity* which becomes a *Gentleman*, ſhows that true *Honour* is a *Jewel* indeed, ſuch as will not *break* with the *Hammer*: His *Religion*, like the *Flint*, never ſo much diſcovers thoſe holy *fires* of *zeal* and *devotion*, which were

not

not before so apparent, as when it most experiences the *violence* of the *hardest steel*: And his *innocence* is so perfectly *malliable*, that the more you *beat* it, the *broader* it grows. In short, the Gentleman carries himself so *evenly* betwixt these *contrary* winds, that he is neither *shaken* by the *one*, nor *puff'd up* with the *other*: He is such in *prosperity*, that he does not *fear adversity*; and such in *adversity*, that he needs not to *wish* for *prosperity*; such indeed in *both*, that it shall never *repent* him, that he hath tasted *either*.

Sect. 13. *His respect and affection for his Country.*

The true *Gentleman* is no lesse *serviceable* to his *Country*, then *Honourable* in *himself*. He cannot phancy himself so *great*, as to forget that he is but a *creature*, and so made for *something*; and till he can perswade himself to be a *God* (who is his own *End* and *Happinesse*) he cannot think that he was made *onely* to serve *himself*. He that made him made him a *brother* to *many*, and he owes a duty of *love* unto them all.

He

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *earth*, which is neither for *sight* nor *service*; but like *that* which having once received the *stamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *current*, and *useful* to *many*. Neither resembles he the *Glow-worm* or a *rotten stick* in the *dark*, which hath no more *light* then will show it self to be *something*, though no body by that light *alone* knows *what*; but *illuminates* nothing *else* about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the Firmament, from which this Inferiour World receives all its *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually scattering the *rayes* and *influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the wide Sphere of his motion. As amongst the *Elements*, the most *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the most *active* too; and most *profitable*, as well as most *high* and *distant*: And as the *highest* of bodies, to wit, the *Celestial* cannot naturally *rest*, but indeed by their continual and swift *motion*, do never fail to *labour* for the *benefit* of the *whole* world besides: So is this *Little Heaven* and *glory* of mankind, never without some commendable *businesse* and *employment*, and such

ſuch as ſhall aſſuredly at laſt tend unto the great good and advantage, of as *many* as he within the *compaſſe* of his *influence*.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for ſome other end, then to ſtand, like a *fair* and *goodly Tulip*, in a *painted pot*, in ſome *window* or other *corner* of the Chamber, onely to grace the room, without either *ſmell* or other *apparent vertue*: He is rather like the ſweet and *lovely Roſe*, which *perfumes* the Air all *about* it, and is beſides, no leſſe *medicinal*, then *fragrant*. If ever the Gentleman *ſeem* to be *idle*, he does no more but *ſeem* ſo. He onely *ſets* himſelf *down* a while, as he would do a *Bottle* of precious *Water*, which has been *troubled* by much *motion*, that ſo it may by a *ſetling* of its heavier parts become *clear* again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, that after ſhe hath been violently *ſhaken* to and fro, and much *troubled* with the affairs of the world; he may by this *reſt*, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the *bottom*, that ſo the *Groſſer deſcending*, his *beſt* and *cleareſt thoughts* may again be *uppermoſt* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine* body up and down the *ſtreets*, as men uſe to

do

do their *Dancing-horſes* in a *Fair*, onely to be *ſeen*, and make *ſport* for the *Spectators*: No, though never ſo *glorioufly* trick'd up, and accoutred, yet does he freely *ſtoop*, to take ſome part of that weighty *burthen* of the *Commonwealth* upon his *back*; and never walks with more *eaſe*, nor ſhows more real *ſtate*, then when thus *loaden*.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without all *calling*, knowing that every *ſervant* (and every *man* ought to be Gods *ſervant*) how *proud* ſoever muſt have his *work*. Seeing God hath ſo bleſt him with *abundance*, that he *needs* not *work* for his *own bread*, he will in *gratitude* to his God, *work* for his *Countries peace* and *ſafety*. He ſcorns to have it thought, that *he* is the onely *cumberſome* thing in the *Nation*, the onely *Wen* in the *Body Politick*, which grows *great* onely by ſucking away that *nouriſhment*, which ſhould *feed* and *ſtrengthen* the *ſerviceable* members, and is good for nothing at length but to *improve* the *Chirurgions skill*, and the *patience* of the *diſeaſed*. Thoſe *parts* and *members* of the man which are *uppermoſt* in the body, and moſt *honourable*, are alwaies moſt *buſied* too for the God of the *whole*:

In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Ear*, and the *Organs* of *ſenſe*; there is too the *Underſtanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgment*, to *ſee*, to *hear*, *diſcern*, *contrive*, *plot* and *direct*: and as he knows it is his *honour* to be made a *part* of the Head of his *Country*; ſo doth he own it his *duty*, not to refuſe the exerciſe of that *office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinks it an *unworthineſſe* in him, not only, to do *ill*, but to do *no good*; and theſe *two* he can very hardly *diſtinguiſh*, as ſome would fain do, ſeeing undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, is *good for nothing*, and this is to be *ſtark naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying ſhame, whileſt the *Taylor*, and the *Cobler* are juſtly reckon'd among the *Neceſſary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much *better* then ſuch *mechanicks*, ſhould not be ſo much as *uſeful* to the place where he lives: or at moſt, but as the *trimming* is to a good *ſuit*, or the *hair* to the *head*, which may be *cut off* and thrown away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentlemans* priviledge,

not

not to be a ſervant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body; and that whileſt others in their Inferiour Condition, are onely made capable of ſerving a *few*, his fortune is ſuch as will allow him to be truly ſerviceable unto *all*. Herein conſiſts his *Honour*, that he is not put to work as a *drudg* or *journy-man*; but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Maſter* of his trade; and whileſt others *toyle* hard, and receive a *ſcant* pittance when their work's done; He is able to work *gratis*, and ſo *oblige* a great part of the world by his *ſervice*. Indeed this muſt needs be the greateſt obligation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder*, and do better then other men, becauſe he is beforehand, not onely furniſhed with good *tooles*, by an *Ingenuous Education*, to work withall; but hath (as was ſaid) received ſo great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is aſſured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he aſhamed to *deceive* him by his *Idleneſſe*, who of his great *goodneſſe* hath ſo farre already *truſted* to his *honeſty*?

As he *refuſeth* no Employment, which may render him according to the meaſure

of his Abilities *ſerviceable* to his *Country*; ſo is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knowes to be *above* his *ſtrength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his *Country* perſwades him not to *refuſe* the *higher*, ſo doth his *humility* Command him to *accept* the *lower*; he accounts no burthen *heavy* which he is *able* to beare; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Eaſe* an *excuſe*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apology* for his refuſall. He diſchargeth his truſt with that *fidelity*, which will be ſure to gain him, though perhaps the *hatred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applauſe* and *love* of the *Good*, and the unanimous *thanks* of his *Country*.

§. 14. *His ſtudies and Recreations.*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to think upon it early in the *Morning* of his age; and accuſtomes himſelf to the *yoak* whileſt he is *young*, that ſo he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He makes it *now* his buſineſſe to gather the *thyme*, which he intends ſhall prove *Hony hereaf-*

hereafter; and to lay up in the *Spring* what may ſtand him in ſtead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old-age*, he learns to be *Old* in his *youth*; and he ſucks ſo much out of every *ſcience* now, as *Experience* and *years* may by *degrees* hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener yeares onely ſo much *diſcretion*, as to *find* the *want* of what he ſhould *have*, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, 'till he can get enough for himſelf. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wiſe and grave *Inſtructor*, from whoſe both *dictates* and *examples* he hopes to gain ſo much as may make him the *Inſtructor* of others hereafter: And he learns ſo betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reaſon to ſay he began to *Command* too *ſoon*. It is his choice to live under a *ſevere* diſcipline, rather then to be left to himſelf as his *own* Maſter; leſt perhaps failing in his *firſt* Command, whereby he ſhould have Govern'd *himſelf*, he might deſpaire of better ſucceſſe in his *ſecond* of commanding *others*.

His firſt care therefore now is to be wholy

guided by him to whoſe *prudence* he is intruſted; leſt by rejecting *him*, he might ſeem to diſparage the *judgment* of his *parents*, who made that *choiſe* for him. Where the *Commands* laid upon him *ſeem* to him *irrationall*, ſo long as he knowes them not *ſinfull*, he had rather *diſtruſt* his own *judgment*, then neglect his directors *counſell*: and he never thinks himſelf (as very many doe) a *better man* then his *guide*, 'till he be ſure he *knowes the way* to that he aimes at, *better* then he. He never ſhowes himſelfe more to be his *own* man, and at his own diſpoſall, then by this *unconſtrained* act of *reſigning* himſelf up unto *another*.

When he is come to that maturity of *Age* and *Diſcretion*, as to be able to benefit himſelf by his *Company*, he will be ſure to make choiſe of ſuch *Companions* as may ſerve him inſtead of *Books*, and of ſuch *Books* as he intends ſhall often ſerve him for *Companions*: He is not aſhamed to be now the *worſt* man in that *Company* wherein he may *learne* from his betters, how to be the *beſt* in *another*: this is much more *honourable*, then to be the *beſt* man *there*, *where* he can never learne to be *better*, but

of ten

often *worſe* then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cheerfully applies himſelf, are ſuch as will more *make* the *man*, then *pleaſe* the *Boy*. He takes delight in nothing which will ſend him *back* again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and ſuch like *pleaſing* ſtudies, he does not wholly *neglect* them, but uſes them as good *ſauces* to make others more *ſubſtantiall* and *nouriſhing reliſh* the *better*. He loves not to ſpend his time in cracking *Empty* Nuts without a *Kernell*; nor to break his *tender* teeth by *gnawing* upon *Saples* bones. Neither Nice *Criticiſmes* nor tough *Notions*, can recompenſe him for the vaſt expence of that precious time, he ſhould be at in making himſelf the Maſter of *either*. When he is entred into the faire *garden* of the *Muſes* it is not his onely buſineſſe to *pick* up here and there a few *leaves* to hide the *Nakedneſſe* of his *diſcourſe*; or to *adorne* it with *Bloſſomes* and *flouriſhes* out of ſome *Poetick* figment, or *Romantick* ſtory; but he *gathers*, *eats* and *digeſts*, that which is *fruit* indeed, and ſuch as is truly *wholſome* and *nouriſhing*: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, lie loytering, and picking

up *Cockle-ſhels* upon the *ſhores* of good litterature, but he boldly launches out into the main *Ocean*, and there contemplates the wonders of the *deep*. It is not his deſigne to be called a *Witty Gentleman*, and ſuch an one as can talk *high*, and breath *flaſhes*, and *thunder* out *big* words, and ſtore himſelfe with ſo many *jeſts*, and ſo much *Bombaſt*, as may *tickle* ſome, and *ſtupifie* others; he ſtudies more to make himſelfe a *man* then a *Companion*; and more how to *live* and *do well*, then talke *finely*. *True Hiſtories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and *grave Morall* diſcourſes, are the *fruitfull* Gardens where his *Muſes* doe ordinarily *recreate* themſelves: that ſo by his *Pleaſures* as well as *Pains*, both the *Common-wealth* may in due time be happy in *him*, and *he* in *himſelf*. As for thoſe *lighter* and more *ayery* ſtudies, ſuch as too frequently by their lovely *paint* & *diſſembled* beauty, *ſteal* away the *amorous* and *unfixed* youth of moſt Gentlemen, he makes the ſame uſe of *them* which he does of his *Galleries* or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreations* ſake, and as he paſſes along ſometimes caſts a *careleſſe eye*, upon thoſe

thoſe many pretty *bloſſomes* or *pictures* which he finds there. Theſe may for a *moment* or two command his *eye*, but never his *affection*. Of ſuch toyes he had rather ſay hereafter that he *has ſeen* them, then that he *knowes* them. He would be *ignorant* of *nothing*, but he would onely be *acquainted* with the *beſt*. He has a more *Maſculine* ſtomack, then to *feed* upon that which is *all ſauce*, but if there be a *little* in the Diſh, to make him reliſh his *meat* the better, he is not *diſpleaſed* with it, though ſo long as his *meat* of it ſelf is *good*, he doth not *greatly deſire* it.

Divinity can never lie out of the *true* Gentlemans *way*, becauſe he is alwaies going towards *Heaven*: For notwithſtanding ſhe ſeems ſo *pale-faced*, and of ſo *ſoure* a Countenance to thoſe that *love* her *not*, becauſe they do not *know* her; yet is there ſo much *heavenly beauty*, and ſo many *noble features* diſcernable in her face, by the Gentlemans *undiſtemper'd* eye, that he ſoon begins in earneſt to *love* her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatſoever, but he muſt often caſt a *longing eye* back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy

happy place whither he is travailing with ſo good a will, he *calls in* at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at ſo many *Innes*, to take a ſhort *repaſt* by the way: or he ſtands *looking* upon them a while, as upon ſo many *way-markes* ſet up at the ſeverall *turnings* and *croſſe paths*, that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the *knowledge* of his *God*, that's the way he conſtantly *walkes* in, and that which will certainly bring him at laſt to that *home*, where he ſhall meet with a *Wellcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediouſneſs* of his *journey*; and an *entertainment* ſuitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*, it is not amiſſe that he allowes himſelf ſometimes a *recreation* and *diverſion*. But then his *recreation* ſhall be alwaies ſuch as he *dares not* make his *buſineſſe*, & yet ſuch as he *dares* ſafely make his *play*: It hath alwaies ſo much of *Innocence* as to be *blameleſſe*, and ſo much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has ſo much *Youthfulneſſe*, as not to be a *Buſineſſe*, and yet ſo much *Buſineſſe* as not to be *Boyiſh*. It ſhall bring with it ſo much reall *pleaſure* as may make it a *refreſhment*, and yet ſo little

little *lovelineſſe*, as may ſpoile the *temptation*. He may ſtep *over* the Hedge into the pleaſant *Meadow*, and pluck a ſweet *flower* or *two* to *ſmell* to as he goes along, but he dares not *lie* him *down*, or *rowle* himſelfe upon the tender *graſſe*, leſt he ſhould be tempted to too *long* a *ſtay*, and thereby be *benighted* in his journey.

He thinks it no *prudence* to fall in *love* with any *ſport*, which like a cunning thiefe, *ſmiles* him in the *face*, whileſt it *cuts* his *purſe*, *ſteals* away his *time*, and *cheats* him of a *good Conſcience*. If *Agar* once begin thus to inſinuate her ſelf into *thoſe* affections, *which* are *only* due to her *Miſtreſſe*; out of dores ſhe ſhall goe: He intends not to *ſell* his *Charity* at ſo *cheap* a rate, as the *falſe pleaſure* of his *game*; Nor has he ſo little either *thrift* or *Religion*, as to make ſo *fooliſh* an *Exchange*, and part either with his *Soul* or his *Time* for the *tranſitory* delight of a *dangerous* temptation. His uſuall *Recreation* therefore is, to make a *play* of his *Study*. He makes *one* ſtudy, like a *ſhooing-horne*, to *draw on* another, and makes the *variety* the *recreation*. Thus he takes the ſureſt courſe that may be, for making his

Study

Study ſo much his *Delight*, he ſaves himſelf the *labour* of ſtudying for a *Paſſe-time.*

§. 15. *His Good huſbandry at Home.*

When the Gentleman comes to have the manageing of his own *Eſtate*, he takes pains to inſtruct the world, how far a man may be *Frugall* with *Honour*; and a *Good huſband* without a ſuſpicion of being *worldly* or *covetous*; and again how *freely* a man may *ſpend* his *Eſtate*, and yet be no *prodigall.* He hath ſo *circumſpect* and watchfull an eye upon all his *affaires*, that you may ſee he had much rather *give* away his *eſtate*, then be *cheated* of it. He would be *cozen'd* of *nothing*, for fear of loſing the opportunity of *beſtowing much.* As he would not allow the *unfaithfulneſſe* of a *ſervant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Maſter*; ſo neither would he have the *Maſters negligence* to occaſion the *ſervants diſhoneſty.*

His *Table* is *moderate*, that ſo his *Charity* and *Hoſpitallity* may *exceed*: as he ſtudies to be good *himſelfe*, ſo endeavours he to make *every* member of the *Family* as *good* as he; and he will have his *ſervants* to be his

his *Diſciples*, no leſſe then his *Children*. Neither ever does he ſo *wholly* vindicate their *ſervice* to *himſelf*, but he allowes them *time enough* to *pay* what they *owe* both to *God*, and their *own ſoules*.

If his condition of life be *ſingle*, he ſo behaves himſelf therein, that no man ſhall thence be able to conclude, either that *he* wants a *Wife*, or his *houſe* a *Miſtreſſe*; So much *chaſtity* has the *one*, and ſo much *good order* is there in the *other*. But if he think it fit to *change* his condition, he endeavours to chuſe a *ſecond ſelf*, that may *ſuite* with the *former*; that ſo they may be (as near as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as one *fleſh*. Whom, not long agoe, he *courted* rather as a *Vertue* then a *Miſtreſſe*, he now *uſes* as a *wife* and not as a *ſervant*; not (as 'tis uſuall of late) calling her *Miſtreſſe* and *Lady before* ſhe be his *wife*, whom he intends to make his *drudge* all her life time *after*. Nor does he (as too many) marry *onely* for *Mony*; knowing that *ſuch* are in danger of committing *Adultery* after *Marriage*, ſeeing they never marry'd the *Woman*, but her *Portion*. With him *Vertue* & *Love*, not *Mony* and *Parentage*, make the Match:

and

and the *queſtion* he asks, is not—*What has ſhe?* but—*What is ſhe.* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the *guides* of his *Love*; and ſo he becomes as *good* an *Huſband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man.*

§. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the Gentleman is not *aſhamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* be thought no better then a terme of *debaſement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He *owns* a *God*, and he *Worſhips* him, and makes that *Honour* which he obſerves *others* to render unto *God*, the ground of *his* reſpect to *them.* He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accoumpts all thoſe who can brook any *Diſhonour* or *Contempt* of their *God* that one *Common Father* of us all, as a *Baſtard* and no *Son.* It would be no *Honour* for him to ſeek an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to ſeek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be ſure

to

to meet with ſuch as ſhall be worth his *keeping*. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face, who with *Davids Fool*, ſuffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to ſay *There is no God.*

If you aske him what *Religion* he is of, his anſwer is ready, of his *mothers*; that is, he is a *true Son* of the *Church*: And yet is he onely ſo far *her Son*, as he ſees her willing to continue his *Saviours Spouſe*. Neither is he content to be ſtill an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught onely (as *mothers* uſe to teach their *young* children) to ſay his *prayers* and his *Creed* by *rote*, but he *prayes* and *believes* and *practiſes* all truly *by heart*: Notwithſtanding, he never *forgets* his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Subſtance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Diſciplined* by all thoſe *Chatting Dry-nurſes* which are ſo buſy about him, ſuch as indeed have *talk* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*, whoſe whole buſineſſe is indeed to make him *undutifull* to his *own Mother*, and to ſet light by all her *Councells* & *Commands*: perſwading him to believe that a *true child*

of

of God, not *ſubject* to a *Mother* in any thing. And they never ſhow their *venemous* teeth more plainly, then when they goe about to make him forget what this *Mother* of all *Chriſtians*, by a ſtrict *Command* from her *Deareſt Lord*, has ever been moſt *carefull* to *teach* all her children, to ſay---OUR FATHER.

He goes not to *Church* to *ſave* his *Credit* or his *Purſe*, to *ſee* his *friend* or *ſpeak* with his *Tenent*, but to *meet* his *Heavenly Father*, and *Commune* with his *God*, and to take *Directions* from *him* how to *behave* himſelfe the following *Week* or *Day*. When he is there, he makes his *heart* accompany his *tongue*, and his *Eare* keep time with the *Preacher*. Every *Morning* and *Evening*, like a *Dutifull* Son, he in private *Confeſſeth* his *faults*, and *begs* his Fathers *pardon* and *bleſſing*; and for the better ordering of his *following* duties, reads over with *care* and *humility* ſome part of thoſe *Directions*, which he had long ſince commanded his ſervants to ſet down in *writing* for his uſe.

He chuſeth his *Religion*, not by its *commonneſs* but its *truth*: and often *weighs* each branch

branch of it in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be ſure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is moſt evident too many do) thruſts his hand at all *peradventure* into an Hat-full of *Lots*, being content with whatever he *hits* on *firſt*; for ſhould he goe the *firſt* way to work, he knowes, he ſhould be ſure to have, not whats *beſt* and *ſoundeſt*, but the *eaſieſt*, and moſt *gainfull*; if the later, it is an hundred to one that he ſhall draw a *blank*, and be made an *Atheiſt* for his labour. Here he dares not by any means follow or embrace what's moſt in *Faſhion*, for that ('tis clear) is *Hipocricy* the cunning *Siſter* of *Atheiſme*, or *Atheiſme ſhamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*; but he profeſſes that which is moſt *Ancient*, for that (he may be ſure) will at laſt be found moſt true.

His *Religion* is not ſuch a *Young*, *Light*, and *Wanton* Girle, as pleaſes the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Intereſted Profeſſor*; but ſuch a *Grave Matron* whoſe natural *Beauty*, and *Conſtancy*, the Gray-hairs of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable*, and moſt deſerving of the *Chriſtians* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*, which

which he dayly *courts*, to make her the *Miſtreſſe* and *Protectreſſe* of his *Soul*, and ſhe it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He ſhowes how *freely* he can goe on in the wayes of *Godlineſſe* without a *Spurre*; and how *baſe* a thing it is, and unbecoming his *Quality* to be *driven* into Heaven by *force*. By his *haſte* and *cheerfulneſſe* in his race, he evidences his *ſenſe* of the *worth* of what he aimes at; And by his *egerneſſe* in the purſuit of another world, endeavours to confute the *folly* of thoſe, who would linger out an *eternity* (were it poſſible) amongſt the *Onyons* and *Fleſhpots* of *this Ægypt*. As he was *borne* a *man*, ſo he had his *Inheritance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-borne* a *Chriſtian*, he leaves this *traſh* to the *Prodigall younger Brother*, expecting a *Poſſeſſion durable in the Heavens*.

He feares as little the names of *Preciſe* and *zealous*, wherewith the *Divil* in the Mouths of his *Diſciples*, thinks to *fright* him out of all *Holineſs*; as *they* underſtand them, who thus too frequently *abuſe* them. That *Boyſterous* breath which the *prophane* world ſends forth to *deride* and *croſſe* him in his intended

intended voyage, he, like a *skilfull* Pilate ſo orders by the right *Compoſing* of his *Sayles*, that he makes *that* his greateſt *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can goe to Heaven with any *wind*, and with any *Name*, where he is ſo ſure to meet with a *title* of *Honour*, *a name written in the book of life*, even the *Honour of all his Saints*. He cannot Phancy that to be any *debaſement* of his ſpirit, which carries him out upon ſo *High* and *Noble* Atchievements; but thinks it an Happineſſe to go into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red ſea*, and a rude *Wilderneſſe*; whileſt others (alas) feed ſo greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *ſay grace*, but in a *murmuring*, that they have not *more* and *better* cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and bleſſes his God for *both*.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wiſely *eſpouſed*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not proſtitute to *Intereſt* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of *one* thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been conſtrain'd to part with in his purſuit after

it: ſo the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Humour* and *Intereſt*, with all he *enjoyes*, and all he *hopes* for here, for his *Religions* ſake, being ſure to find them all again hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he ſo ſincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occaſions of *Jealouſy* from his beloved; His *Religion* ſhall never have cauſe to fear, that either his *Pleaſure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, ſhall gaine ſo much upon his affections, as to become her *Rivall.*

§. 17. *The Concluſion of this Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whileſt I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am faln into that of a *Chriſtian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is ſuch a neceſſary *Connexion* betwixt theſe two, that they ſeem to be no more then the *Different Names* of the *ſame man.* If you deſire to have his picture in a leſſe Compaſſe here it is.

The *true Gentleman*, is one that is *Gods ſervants, the Worlds Maſter*, & his *own Man.*

His

His *Vertue* is his *Buſineſs*, his *Study* his *recreation*, *Contentedneſſe* his *reſt*, and *Happineſſe* his *reward*. *God* is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that *need* him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Miſtreſſe*, *Loyalty* and *Juſtice* her *Ladies* of *Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chaſtity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Butler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hoſpitality* his *Houſekeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treaſurer*: *Piety* is *Miſtreſſe* of the *Houſe*, and *Diſcretion* the *Porter*, to let *in* and *out* as is moſt fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, & he the true *Maſter* of his *Family*. He is neceſſitated to take the world in his *way* to Heaven, but he walks *through* it as faſt as he can; and all his buſineſſe by the *way* is to make himſelf and others *happy*. Take him all in two words, he is a *man* and a *Chriſtian*.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentlemans pardon and Yours, for thus abuſing his name; and preſuming to give you his Character, whoſe excellencies are not to be *comprehended*, much leſſe *expreſſed*, by any one *leſſe* then himſelfe. I

have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *Imperfect* draught of his *Picture*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my *obedience* to your Command; that you receive it ſo *miſhapen* and *ill-proportion'd*, beſides the little *experience* & leſſe *skill* of the Painter, he has this to ſay for himſelf; he could hardly tell where, being abſent from ſuch as *you* Sir, to find a *true* Gentleman to draw it by: But either he was conſtrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall ſhort both of *complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, & therefore he hopes he is excuſable, though he ſometimes miſtake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too *deep* a *ſhadow*, where there ſhould be more *light*, he deſires, that beſide the *weakneſſe* of his *eye*, you would conſider the *Darkneſſe* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he ſaw by. For we live ſo much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *miſts* of *Ignorance* darken the ayre; and that fading light we have, is ſo *variouſly* refracted by our *Glittering* Vices; and ſo *often* reflected by the *diſfigured* glaſſes of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him ſo much,

much, as that he is unhappily furniſhed with ſo *many excuſes* to plead for his *errour*. But if any will not be ſatisfied with this, he yet layes claime to a further *Priviledg* of a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talkative*, and to ſay ſomething more in vindication of what he has done; and thereby demonſtrate, that the excellent *Originall* he would have *Coppy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this *day*, in *England*.

SECT. IV.

§. 1. *How few of the true Gentlemen are now to be found in England.*

I Need not tell *you* (Sir) who have paid ſo dear for the ſad *changes*; that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein moſt things grow every day *new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wiſh it were as ſeriouſly *Conſider'd* by *themſelves*, as it is well *known* to *moſt*, *rejoyced* at by *ſome*, and ſadly *lamented* by *others*, what a *decreaſe* and *waning* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the laſt years; and that not only in the *number* of their *Perſons*, and *largeneſſe* of their *Eſtates*? but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Souls*, and the *greatneſſe* of their *Vertues*. as if it had been a *ſmall* thing for them to live ſo long the *deſpiſed Vaſſels* of their *Hypocriticall Adverſaries*, the good *maſters* that have ſo long *ruled* us, except they had

had been permitted by the ſevereſt kind of *cruelty* to take *vengeance* of their own *vertues*, and render themſelves ten times more the wretched *Captives*, and deſpicable *ſlaves*, of their own Tyrannicall *Luſts*, and Atheiſticall *Humours* then before. Indeed an *Atheiſt* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonymous*, or at leaſt *Convertible* termes: I dare not, I confeſſe, have ſuch hard thoughts of *all*, though I could heartily wiſh, they would rather take ſome pains by their *lives* and *Converſations* to prove this to be an *abſurd*, then *ſtretch* their *lungs* to cry out upon it, and *ſwear* it to be a *raſh* and *uncharitable* Cenſure.

Indeed, if on the *one ſide*, in a feigned *ſhow* of Religion to exclaim againſt *drunkenneſſe* and *ſwearing*, and other ſuch like *lowd* and *open* Prophaneneſſes, will ſuffice to Denominate the *Saint*: Or if on the *other ſide* to cry out upon *Hipocricy* and *Injuſtice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacriledge*, *Lying* and *Perjury*, may be thought ſufficient to conſtitute a true *Son* of the *Church* of *England*: then have we *all* enough to ſay for our ſelves, and to prove that moſt of our *Gentlemen*

are indeed *Christians*. But, alas, it is too manifest, that on the *one* hand, all this *Canting* and *superficiall sanctity*; all these *strained sighs* and *groans*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then Sathans *Sundays Garbe*, or the painted *masks* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to be *seen* in abroad. These are the *enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuses get their wealth*. Many who have passed for *Saints* a long time (*experience* has shown it us) have been just such as *he*, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well *paid* for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an Heaven, and meet with his *Crosse* for their pains. And on the *other* hand, all those *ravings* which we dayly hear against *Oppression*, *Hipocricy* & *Tyranny*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable* over-flowings of a *devout* Spirit, a *sincere* Soul, and a *Loyal* heart; as the wild *out-rages* of a *boyling* Passion, of a *confined* Vice, and a *restrained* lust, which makes the sufferer like a *mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or else they are the *violent* motions of a *revengefull* soul, which *frets* it self at the *prosperity*

ſperity of the *wicked*, and had rather ſee its *enemies miſerable*, then *it ſelf ſober* and *good*. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give *either* party the title of *religious*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too viſible.

Certainly if the *Gentlemans life* and ordinary *Converſation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the beſt *index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we ſhall have much adoe to meet in moſt of thoſe that own that name, with a *good Opinion* either of *God* or *Religion*. Moſt of them (I am ſure the *younger* ſort) do grudge either of theſe the leaſt place in their *diſcourſe*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as ſoon, nay much ſooner make choice of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, ſuch an one would ſpoyl all their *mirth*, & make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *melancholy mood*, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *ſerious* they perfectly *loath*, and utterly *reject*, as that which cannot at preſent ſuit with their more *ſprightly* and *flouriſhing* yeares: *Age*

and

and *ſcarcity* of their *Juvenile* blood, will *hereafter* (they think) make this a buſineſſe of *Courſe*, and ſo they had rather have it then make it now a matter of *choice*: what need *they* be Religious *now*, who ſhall (as they think) whether they will or no, be ſo *before* they *die*?

If we ſhould but a while take notice how many *Riots*, the *Gentlemen* of our times dayly commit, all thoſe wanton *Frolicks* and *Revellings* they are not onely *guilty* of, but *Glory* in; eſpecially when they are at the *Tavern* or ſome other *good Houſe* of *expence* and *Merriment*, we ſhould be readier to *loſe* our *ſelves* in Admiration of their *Madneſſe*, then to *find* out any thing of reall *Honour* and *Nobility* in *them*. To behold them there *Contending* for the *Victory* over a *pot*, and taking the *meaſure* of their *Gallantry* by the *ſtrength* of their *Brains*, or *Capacity* of their *Bellies*: to hear them there drawing up with ſo much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *ſinfull* extravagances, and in a *double* proportion intermixing their *prophaneneſſes* with their *wine*: whilſt they *drink wine with a ſong* and prove themſelves *mighty to drink ſtrong drink*: To

hear

hear them *roaring* themſelves *out* of *breath*, never taking leave of their *wine*, but of their *ſenſes* too: nor forbearing their *Oaths* 'till they be able to *ſpeak* no more; would you believe theſe men could ever be ſo *ſober*, as to *mention* the names of *Chriſtian* or *Gentleman*?

And yet 'tis moſt *certain* as well as *ſad*, that you can never be more ſure to meet with our *Gentry* in any place, then at theſe *Academies* of *ſin*, and *Nurſeries* of *uncleanneſſe*, there *exerciſing* their *abilities*, and making themſelves *expert* in all thoſe *arts* whereby they may moſt gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in ſo many open *Bravadoes*, *challenge* the *Almighty* into the *field*, and *dare* him to doe the *worſt* he *can*.

But (alas) we need not ſeek ſo great an advantage over them, as to *take* them there, where they have ſo often *loſt* themſelves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it muſt do every *Charitable Chriſtian*, to ſee them ſo deſperately *madded* with the *fear* of being accounted *Holy*; and ſo ravenouſly *greedy* of eternal *deſtruction*, as thus to *ſwallow* it down by whole *Bowels*, & make their Companions *Merry* at the working out of their

their own *Damnation.* Doubtleſſe *Sathan* hath but two much Power overe theſe men when they are moſt *Sober*, they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them ſo often *drunk*. Except in a *Gallantry* they deſire to ſhow the world how *boldly* they dare *defie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to *owe* their *ruine* to *any* but themſelves.

At ſuch *good* places as theſe, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargains*, *entertain* all their *freinds*, *treat* all their *Ladies*: here they *Conſult* about the weightieſt affaires of the *Common-wealth*; *Seal* and *Confirme* all their agreements in the very height of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they ſhould *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were Confident *then* to be in a Capacity of doing all things *beſt*, when they were *leaſt* of all themſelves: There can be no *meeting*, at leaſt, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no ſurer pledg of *friendſhip*, or tie of a *civil* Correſpondence and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at leaſt, next dore to it.

And now all this *Madneſſe*, muſt be thought

thought no worſe then the *Demonſtration* of that *civility* and *courteſy* which they owe one another; a *neceſſary kindneſſe*, or an *handſome treatment*: And who ſo refuſes either to goe along with them, or to do as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivill fellow*, and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen*: what a *diſgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup*? What an *affront* is it to the Company, not to pledge every man his *whole one*? And not to admit every *Health*, it is no leſſe then the greateſt diſreſpect and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *perſon* in remembrance; whoſoever refuſeth it, eſpecially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, ſhall be ſure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is uſed, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to *ſet off* their drunken *Revel*, then to *grace* the *Worſhip* & ſervice of their *God*: All muſt be *bare*, and all upon their *knees*, and a *Catch* inſtead of an *Hymne*: this is their *morning* and their *evening Devotion*; but whether this be the true *ſervice* of their *God*, or the *buſineſſe* of *Gentlemen*, I dare appeal to thoſe *Conſciences* of theirs

theirs, which they now endeavour ſo to *ſilence* and *drown* both by their *Drinking* and their *Roaring*.

Nay, it ſeems very evident, that even theſe *Gentlemen* themſelves make this *Sottiſh paſtime* the moſt infallible *marke* of true *Gallantry*: and account him a perſon of *worth*, and without all exceptions *fit* for their Company, whoſoever can but *take off* his *Cups* handſomely, and is verſed in all the *Methods* and *Maximes* of this *Helliſh Art*. Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*, and have given it ſo many *rules* and *lawes* of late, that he that will now be *expert* in it, had need to ſerve out an *Apprenticeſhip* to learne all the *circumſtances* and *termes*, though he be never ſo perfect in the *Subſtance* before. *Any* perſon how *contemptible* ſoever ſhall not be thought unworthy of their company, if he be but the *Maſter* of this *Art*. Even he whom they would almoſt ſcorne to own for a *man*, when *Sober*, and in his *right wits*, when he is *drunk* or *mad*, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he is a companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not grudg the poor fellowes the *honour* of ſuch *Society*, nor indeed can I think it any: But

I am more the *Gentlemans friend*, and more tender of his *reputation* then he himſelfe: I do therefore make it my *prayer*, as it is doubtleſs much the *grief* and trouble of all *good* men to ſee them otherwiſe at preſent, that they may at laſt become more *charitable* to themſelves, then thus to *debauch* and *unman* their own ſoules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§. 2. *An Enquiry into the more civil ſort of our Engliſh Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *ſober* Poſture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to conſider them thus *abſtractedly* from the *higheſt* degree of *debauchery*: take away their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the moſt of them, of the moſt delightſome *method* they know, of *ſpending* their *time*, which is ſuch a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *diſeaſe*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his ſide, they run, and ſhift, and throw themſelves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to be

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rid on't; 'till the *fad moment* appear wherein they are call'd out of the world, and then their *time* and *life*, both equally *deſired*, *vaniſh* together. This *waſting* of their *time*, they eſteem a thing ſo *innocent* in it ſelfe, that they ſeem to apprehend a *Goodneſſe* in it, great enough to make them a *pretence* for all their *other* vices, and *ſinfull* employments, ſhrouding them all under the generally approved names of *Neceſſary Paſſe-times* and *diverſions*. *Cards*, or *Dice*, *Bowling* or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tediouſneſſe of their *houres*; ſhall be welcome to them, and thought to be things not onely *harmeleſſe* and *honeſt*, but as invented to this good end of *paſſing away* the *time*, things *deſireable* by moſt, and very *commendable* in a *Gentleman*. In theſe they *merrily* ſpend, both their *Nights* and their *Dayes*, their *livelihoods*, and the greateſt part of their *lives*; whileſt the poor neglected *Soul* all this while, cannot be allowed ſo much as *halfe an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the Glaſſe of *Gods word*, to *dreſſe* her ſelf for *Heaven*.

Into

Into how many *Gentlemens Families* ſhall you come, where they do not ordinarily by *ſleeping* out all the *morning*, make it *night till noon*? They riſe from their Beds juſt ſo *early* as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotion*: When they are thus removed from *bed* to *board*, they feed there their *Luſts* better than their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more than their *Souls*. The *table* is the *Altar* where they *ſacrifice* their *Healths* to their *Appetites*; and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuſe their meat, by its *Coſt* and *rarity*, not *uſe* and *wholſomneſſe*; and it is too true a Proverb, That *whats far fetch'd and dear bought, is meat for Gentlemen.* After they have thus ſatiated for a while their *luſts*, and gratified the *delicacy* of their *Pallates*, they muſt ſit out an hours *impertinent* and *idle tattle* to digeſt their *exceſſe*: when they have done this, they are ready for another *nap*, and that prepares them for another *meal*, except the *Tavern* or their *game* prevent it.

If they chance to hear of ſome *Pamphlet*, *Libel* or *Paſquil*, wherein ſome *honeſt name* is a ſufferer, or where *chaſtity* is put

do *penance* in an *obſcene ſheet*; any piece of *Drollery*, or wanton *Ballad* upon a *Miſtreſſe*, a *New Romance* or a *Play*, preſently the *News* of it is diſpatch'd from one to another, theſe ſhall be *read* and *ponderd over and over*, and be their diſcourſe and paſſe-time at every meeting. For mine own part it hath a very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club* of *Gentlemen*, but as often as I have, I have been *frighted* out of it again, or have had good cauſe to repent me afterwards, that I was *not* ſo, by that *wild* kind of *behaviour*, and *looſneſſe* of *talk*, I *heard* or *ſaw* amongſt them. The *beſt* of their talk at any meeting, is but to ask and impart the *News* then ſtirring, or to give their judgments of the *Ladies* and the *faſhions* of the times; to find fault with their *own* Taylors, or to commend *anothers*; to *droll* out the time, or vie *Wits* by abuſing each other, but every man moſt of all himſelf. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do ſo much) by ſome ſlight *probleme*, make a ſhift to poſe his fellows; he thinks he has done wonders, and has ſufficiently vindicated his *credit* from the imputation of *Ig-*

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norance or *idleneſſe* for ever.

Alas (Sir) what is it that even the *prime* of our *Gentlemen* pride themſelves in? even *they* whom we are prone to eſteem highly, and ſtile *Civil* and *Ingenious* perſons! what but a little *vain* and *glittering* Apparel? and he's the Compleateſt *Gentleman* (o: the moſt part, who wears the beſt *ſuit*, and ſhines moſt in a *tinſel bravery*. Who is thought the man of the higheſt *inward* accompliſhments, but he that can talk *volubly* of the *cuſtoms* and *vices* of the *Court*, or that which is moſt *like* it now there is *none*? He that can tell you how much he is *cour-ted* by the *Ladies*, and how much he is in *favour* with our *Great Folks*. He that can expreſs himſelf *modiſhly* in a Complement, that can *ſpeak* much, and *dance* well, and *hand* his *Lady* with the greateſt *grace* along the ſtreets; theſe are the *brave Gentlemen* that are every where cry'd up as they go for *Gallant* and well accompliſh'd perſons. Or if you would go higher yet, then he muſt be the man, that has *laden* his memory with a few broken *Ends* and *Chippings* of Hiſtory; or can tell you ſtrange ſtories of the *faſhions* and *Cuſtoms* of *other Nations*,

and tell you where he has been, and what *rarities* he has ſeen; and at once perhaps both *diſcommend* and *practiſe* their vices. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholar*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, ſo far as to *applaud* and *cenſure* and talk *Skeptically*: If he be an exquiſite *Mathematician*, or *Muſician*, or the like; We think we have reaſon enough to ſuppoſe him company for the *beſt*; and certainly he were ſo, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongſt* them. But, alas, what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a *little* of either in his *diſcourſe*, tis much, though there be juſt *nothing* of them in his *life*: All thoſe *other* accompliſhments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied, but not being ſo (alas) they are ſtark naught.

Let us paſſe on to thoſe who are thought by many the moſt *Sober* and *ſerious* perſons of all others, and even amongſt theſe (I fear) we ſhall find too many, on whom we can onely beſtow this *poor* commendation, that they are more *gravely wicked*, more *cautiouſly ſinful*, and more *ſoberly Atheiſtical*,

call. Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themſelves up in a kind of *Nagative Juſtice*; and thereby with thoſe whoſe *perſons* and *eſtates*, they have not *actively* violated or diminiſhed, are eſteem'd perſons of much *worth* and *Honour*; and yet theſe are no better then the *tamer* ſort of *Sathans* ſervants, whom by a long *uſage* he has made ſomewhat leſſe *wanton*, and brought up to his *hand*; and has taught them to *cozen* and *diſſemble* almoſt as well as himſelf. I need not tell any affectionate *Son* of the diſtreſſed *Church* of *England*; how good *friends and ſervants*, theſe *Good*, *Honeſt*, *Civil*, *Sober* and *Prudent* men, have all along been to his poor Mother: How many of them have *quietly* ſtood by, and look'd on, if with no *delight*, yet (I am ſure) with a great deal of unworthy *patience*, and baſe *connivance*, whileſt *ſhe* has been mercileſly *torn* in pieces, by the *cruel* teeth of thoſe *ravenous* beaſts, wich *pretended* to *watch* and *defend* her: and yet not ſo much as an *Arrow* ſhot out of any other *Quiver* then their *mouths* in a *Chimney-corner*, againſt any of them. Whileſt the *Younger Gentleman* want *true*

Prudence, and the *old* have *too much* of that they *miſcall* ſo, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for ſuch as pretend to fight under *Chriſts Banner*, and on the behalf of his *Church*; which truly *now*, if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for *want* of *good Souldiers*. If our Engliſh Gentlemen be made to *ſtay* for, and *expect* their *Honour*, till they ſhall be *Knighted* in the *field* for that *good ſervice* which they have done the *Church*, of which they would be thought *Members*; It will I fear, be a *ſad* and unwelcome *ſword* muſt *Dub* them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have ſo much reall *Honour*, as may make them *ſenſible* how they *loſe* it. For if they had, could you imagine it *poſſible*, that ſo many *horrid murthers* and *rapines*, ſo many incredible *Treaſons* and *Blaſphemies*, ſuch as their *Poſterity* will not find *faith* enough to believe, ſhould be thus *openly acted* and *frequently vented* even in their *faces*; and not a man ſo much as *move* his hand to *revenge* what's *paſt*, or *prevent* what's to *come*? Nay how often have the greateſt part of them, by a baſe *compliance* with *thoſe* men who have alwaies ſtruck at the very

very *root* of that *Religion*, which they ſo *ſolemnly* (ſome of them more than once) *ſwore* to defend, given themſelves not only the *lie*, but the *perjury*? Alas, their *Honours* are ſo *jaded* by *drawing* after them the *Dung-Carts* of their *eſtates*, that they now brook any *rider* whatſoever. Had but one *tenth* part of all thoſe *vaſt* ſums of *Money*, and thoſe many excellent *parts*, which theſe *ſuppoſed* Good-husbands, have *prodigally* laviſh'd out in the *Tavern*, or at their *Game*, been put to that *good* uſe it might have bin; the *Church* might have received her own with *uſury*; *England* might yet have had the *face* of *England*, and *they* deſerved the *Name* of *Gentlemen*.

Sect. 3. *An Appeal to the Gentlemans own Conſcience.*

For *confirmation* of all this that hath been ſaid, I ſhall dare to make my *appeal* to the *Gentleman's conſcience*, though I dare not think it to be one of the *beſt*, or moſt *impartial* in this caſe. I heartily wiſh he could in *earneſt* and in *truth* tell me, that whoſoever ſaith *England* has now but *few*

true *Gentlemen*, is guilty of a *Scandall*. I confesse I could almost willingly be *guilty* of the *Sin*, upon condition his *innocence* would once *prove* me a *liar*.

If he can think it possible to be a true *Gentleman* without any *sense* of true *Honour* or *religion*; or if he dares call him *Religious* and think him *desirous* of *Heaven*, who (though his whole *life* be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one *minute* of his time to gain it: If he have the *charity* to account him *pious*, who suffers his *soul* to *starve* for want of *Spiritual* food, and yet can *feast* and *Pamper* up his *lusts* every hour: if he can have a true *sense* of *Honour*, who can phancy himself *happy* in *Sathan*'s service, and oftener upon his *knees* to *him* then to his *God*; who makes his *Soul* the very *drudg* of his *Body*, and his *carnal* appetite the *Mistress* of his *life*; and every one of his *members* the *slave* of some *lust* or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to set a *just* estimate upon an *honest reputation*, who had rather lie *dabling* in the *dirt*, and *wallowing* in the *mire of Sin*, then *walk* in the *pleasant* paths of *Holiness*; the *high-way* to *Heaven*:

If

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vaſt eſtate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *fine* cloaths, *delicious* meats, *rich* wines, *waſting* Games, and other ſuch like *expenſive* ſins, as are now the *mode*; and all this while, not one *mite* caſt into Gods *exhauſted treaſury*, not a *Rag* deſigned to cover the poor mans *nakedneſſe*: If to behold Gods own *peculiar* ſervants and *Ambaſſadors* lie ſtarving in the ſtreets for want of ſome few *morſels* or *crumbs* of that *bread* which they grudg not by *whole loaves* to throw to their *Dogs*: If to ſee Gods *Houſe* all on *fire*, occaſion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming paſſions*; and Gods *children* frying in the midſt of the flame, and yet not ſo much as *move* a *foot* to fetch a little water to quench the *one*, or ſtretch out an *arme* to *ſave* the *other*: if any man can judg theſe things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to *ſit ſtill* all the day *idle*, and *laugh* at thoſe who are *working* in the *Vineyard*; if to come into a *Church* with a long train of *gaudy* attendants, and to *ſhine* a while there in a little *gariſh* pomp; if to ſit in the *higheſt* Pue, and to make this the chief part of their *devotion* (without ſo much

much as the Phariſee's *Lord I thank thee*) that they are *better then other men*; if to juſtle a *poor* neighbor out of their preſence, with a *ſtand off, for I am more Honourable then thou*; if to *ſcoff* at all thoſe who make any *ſhow* of *Piety*, or to *deride* all thoſe who think it neceſſary to have *more* then a *ſhow*, be the *infallible* characters whereby we may know a *Gentleman*, then indeed I muſt of neceſſity confeſſe we have yet *more* then *enough* ſuch *Gentlemen* in this poor *England*.

I had rather *mourn* in *ſecret*, and in *ſadneſſe* of *Spirit*, *ſigh* out the reſt unto my *God*, then proceed at preſent any further in ſo *unpleaſant* a theme. O that the ſpilt *blood* of Chriſts poor languiſhing *ſpouſe*, cry not too lowd in *Heaven* at the *laſt* day, not onely againſt thoſe *bloody* ſouls, who have moſt *barbariouſly* thruſt their *ſpears* into her ſide, and with *inhumane* hands *torn* out her very *Bowels*; but even againſt all *thoſe* too who could have a *Calm* upon their *Spirits*, whileſt the *tempeſt* continued in the *Church*, and could hold it prudrnce to ſit ſtill, and not come forth to the help of Gods *ſpouſe*, and his *anointed* one againſt the *mighty*; and therefore onely becauſe they appeared

peared *mighty*. My prayers are, that an *early*, and an *active* repentance, may *ſeaſonably* prevent their *threatned* ruine; and a timely *underſtanding* of their own *names*, may make them beſo e it be too late, truly *ſenſible* of their *duties*, and in earneſt endeavour to regain that *Honour*, which they have been to remiſs hitherto in preſerving *ſpotleſſe*. This is my great *Charity* to the *Gentlemans* ſoul; and the higheſt *reſpect* I can conceive any man owes to his *perſon*, is to wiſh that *part* of him *beſt*, which *he* ſeems to reguard *leaſt*. I would to God he could *once*, though *late*, have ſo great a charity and reſpect for himſelf, that ſo he might not one day be found, with *weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth*, crying out upon himſelf with no leſſe *reaſon*, then *deſpair* and *horrour*, even as that *once-glorious* Church, to the untimely *ruine* whereof his *ſins* have in ſo large a meaſure contributed, cries out upon him now with *ſorrow* and *amazement*. Had he not ſhown himſelf all along ſo *ſtupidly* ſenſeleſſe of, and *bruitiſhly* unconcern'd, in the *afflictions of Joſeph*; I might have had the *charity*, to think him capable of *councel* and *advice*, and to wiſh him

him *one* better able then *my ſelf* to ſerve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of thoſe *conſiderations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtleſſe) if he have not quite *forgot* himſelf, muſt needs ſink *deep* into his thoughts, and *provoke* him, if any thing can do it, now he is at ſuch a *diſtance*, to *return* to himſelf.

Sect. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious, and firſt of common Civility.*

To perſwade the *Gentleman* to be *good*, a man would think were no *hard* task, ſeeing he takes it ſo ill out, that any man ſhould *ſuſpect* him to be *otherwiſe*: and yet notwithſtanding, it may well be thought a very *difficult* and *bold* undertaking, when it ſhal be conſider'd how much he is in *love* with his *preſent* ſelf; for as *ſelf-love* is *blind* whenſoever it ſhould look upon it's own *faults*; ſo is it altogether as *deaf* when it ſhould hearken to *inſtruction*. Yet becauſe the *difficulty* lies not ſo much in making him *underſtand* what he *ſhould* be, as in making

king him *ſee* howmuch he is at preſent what he *ought not* to be; for that he ought to be *good* and *Religious* I know he will readily *grant*, but that he is *not ſo* allready we ſhall have much ado to perſwade him to *believe*: Seeing *one* half of our work is already done to our hand in his own *conſcience*, we may have the greater encouragement to proceed in the *other* yet behind. I am confident, that by reading what goes before, he connot chuſe but behold himſelf in his own *ſhape*, at leaſt in one ſo *like* it, that the very *ſight* muſt of neceſſity beget in him an *hatred* of the *old* object, and a *love* to the *new*: and therefore at preſent I ſhall confidently ſuppoſe, that I have no more to do but this, to let him ſee in ſome meaſure how *rational* a thing it is for him to be, what he himſelf ſo well *knows*, he ſhould be.

I intend not here to trouble you, or him, with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would ſwell up this Diſcourſe much above the *juſt* proportion of a *Letter*; neither is it my purpoſe to call in all thoſe *Auxiliaries* I might from ſeveral *common places* be ſupplied withal, to compleat my

conqueſt

conqueſt over the *Gentlemans affections*; I ſhall onely mention *one* or *two* of thoſe *motives*, which *I* hope *may* be, *I* am ſure in another *would* infallibly be, prevalent and effectual.

The *firſt* and *ſlighteſt* which *I* ſhall here moſt humbly offer to his ſerions conſideration, is an argument which he too often makes uſe of to a *worſe* purpoſe, and thereby ſuffers his *ſenſual* to gain the *victory* over his *ſpiritual* ſelf. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which naturally obliges him to make *ſuitable returns* to thoſe many *reall kindneſſes* and reſpects which the *beſt* of his *friends* have ever had for him. *I* ſhall beſeech him to remember, howwhenſoever he is by the ſwing of his own *dominering luſts*, no leſſe then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawn to a *Tavern*, or carried on to any other *exceſſe* or *riot*, it is to this *one pretence* he confidently betakes himſelf for Sanctuary; that he was meerly *drawn in* by the *civility* of others, and that he was not able to reſiſt the *importunity* of his *friends*; that *common courteſie* did ſtrongly oblige him, not to ſhow himſelf *reguardleſſe* of his *acquaintance*,

quaintance, by forſaking *their company*, who had expreſſed themſelves ſo *deſirous*, and had taken ſo much pains to enjoy *his*. *I* wiſh he would but cal to mind what weight this argument hath when preſſed upon him by his *lewdeſt* companions, and aſſiſted by his own forward *inclinations* to that which is *evil*; and how infinitely *more* force then it ought to have, when made uſe of by ſuch as *really* deſire his *happineſſe*, and applied to that which in it ſelf is ſo deſervedly *commendable*?

Would the Gentleman but open his ears, how many *real friends* might he hear, and thoſe ſuch whoſe *Courteous Invitations* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuſe, every where with no ſmall *importunity wooing* him into *Heaven*, and to *walk* along with *them* in thoſe *paths* which will lead him thereunto. *I* might here tell him how heartily *God himſelf* calls and *Invites* him, and daily ſends abroad his *Meſſengers* early and late to *beg* and *intreat* him to *accept* of his *invitation*; how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *feaſt of fat things*, and to *drink wine and milk without money*

money and without price: How he ſtands with his arms of *mercy ſpread* wide open, to *receive*, *embrace*, and *kiſſe* his returning *Prodigals*, with a new *Robe* and a *Ring*, may with a *Crown* and a *Kingdom* to welcome them. Can it now be judged *civility* to refuſe and *ſlight* the *invitation* of ſo *bountifull* and *indulgent* a *father*? I might tell him how the *Angels* in Heaven even *long* for his company, and will be *overjoy'd* to ſee him, and to hear him exerciſing that voice ſo long abuſed in *warbling* out his laſcivious *Love-ſongs*, or *roaring* it in his wild *Catches*, by bearing a part in their *Holy Quire*, in perpetual *Halelujahs* to the King of Heaven: And can he think it *civility* to make void the *hopes*, and prevent the *joys* of ſuch *Heavenly company*. I might further mind him how the poor *Church* of *England* his *mother*, *longs* to receive him *again* with joy into her *boſom*, and to *kiſſe* him with the *kiſſes* of her *love*, and to uncover to him her *breaſts of Conſolation*; whence he needs not draw the *wind* of *falſe Doctrine*, nor fear to taſt the *blood* of *Tyranny* and *oppreſſion*, but may *ſuck* in that *ſincere milk* which is his ſouls only true *nouriſhment*: She whoſe *tender care*

and

and *wholsome instructions*, like an *unwise* child he hath so long *despised*, longs yet once again to *rejoyce* in his *Love*, and would be *proud* of so *Glorious* a Son which might not onely *cherish* and *defend*, but *grace* and *credit* his mother. And can he call it lesse then an *incivility*, to envy *Her* this *Honour*, which wisheth *him* that *happinesse*? can he chuse rather to augment her *sorrows*, and provoke her *tears*, and bite her *breasts*, and suck out her *blood*, then *cherish* her and be *nourish'd* by her? All the *Good men* in the World, all the most *Honourable* of Gods servants, his special *Ambassadours*, do with all the *power* of their *Rhetorick*, and *movingnesse of Passion*, *cry aloud*, calling upon him, and beseeching him to come *home*, and live *happily* in his *Fathers house*; these who have had the high *charity* for him, to take the *care* and *charge* of him, and night and day to *watch for his soul*, and must be *accountable* for it at the *Great* and *Dreadfull Audite*. Upon *Him* they look with a more *vigilent* and *tender* eye, as upon the very *best* and *fairest* of the flock, whose *straying* would be not onely the *losse* of *one*, and *him* the *fairest* and *chief* of all the *rest*, but *such*

an one, as by his *influence* upon the others, may probably *occasion* the *loosing* of *many* more: These *perswade* and *intreat* him, and that for *Christs sake*, for *his* who *loved* him *so* well, that he did not grudge to *purchase* him with the *best* treasure in Heaven, his own most *precious blood*: And now, how can the *Gentleman*, who pretends so highly to all manner of *civility*, think it lesse then an *unworthiness* in him, to set so light by all this *care*, and this *kindness*? He that would be thought *all courtesie, all civility*, O let him not *now* onely be *unkind* and *discourteous*, to his *God*, and *Gods Church*, *Gods Angels*, and *Gods Ministers*, unto *Gods Son*, and *his Saviour*. He that expressed so remarkable a *kindness* to a *false friend*, who is most certainly the *greatest* and most *dangerous* of all *enemies*, to him who was only *set* by the *Devil*, in a *friends habit*, to *decoy* him *out* of the *way*, and watch his opportunity to *murther* his *soul*; let him not now for *shame* be so *unnatural* to *himself*, and *unkind* to *them*, as to slight those *real* and *sincere friends*, who make it the greatest part of their *study* to *save* him from *eternal torments*: He that would not be *bought* out

of

of his *civility*, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner*; by the *high* price of an *Heaven* and *eternity*; shall he now any longer be *bribed* to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and its *endlesse torments*? Certainly if any *importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*; what must it *now* do? never so *great*, never back'd with so many *obligations* to *civility* as here; for where ever did there appear so *much* and so *earnest wooing*, and *intreating*, and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*?

Again, In civility to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*; he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choise Treasure*, her *strongest Pillar*, her *potent Protector*; and shall he not think it *base* to *evacuate* her *hopes*, and *detest* her too *charitable* Errour, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? Shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall hear it said by others, that the *Precious Stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable pebbles*; that all her *purest Gold* is full of *Drosse*; her *best Pillars* quite *rotten*; and her *Guardians*

her principal *underminers* and *destroyers*? that with the *least wind* that blows, her *pillars shake*, and the *building tumbles*?

The Gentleman is that great and fair *White*, at which all men *aim* and *direct* the *best* of their *Respects*; and on whom they think the *greatest* of their *Honours* not *misplaced*: And is this his *civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*; to leave them embracing a *shadow* for a *substance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *respects* to him, with *neglect*, and *disgrace*, and too often with *misery* and ruine to *themselves*? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man shall ever be *deceived* in him, but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the Gentlemans *civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindnesse*?

Sect. 5. *A second Motive grounded upon Shame and Disgrace.*

The *next* thing which I shall propose to his Consideration, is that which usually has *too* powerful an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Disgrace*. The pretence of securing his *Name* and *Reputation* from these blurs, being *another* of those *Fig-*

leaves,

leaver, wherewith he would fain hide his moſt *foul* and *deformed Vices*: He had rather throw himſelf headlong into the *groſſeſt* ſin imaginable, then by *chuſing* what is *beſt*, but *out* of *faſhion* with the *multitude*, expoſe himſelf to the *laughter* of *fools* and *ſinners*. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be *jeer'd* and *mock'd*, and *hooted* at by a company of *mad-men*, for behaving himſelf with more *ſobriety* and *wiſdom* then they?

Here I ſhall moſt earneſtly beſeech the *Gentleman* to conſider, how miſerably he *befools* himſelf, and how inconſiderately he runs himſelf upon thoſe rocks he endeavours ſo carefully to avoid; whileſt *nothing* can lay him more open to *ſhame*, then that which was the firſt *parent* of it, his *ſin*: which makes him a meer *laughing ſtock* to all but thoſe that *pitty* him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that *God*, who is the onely *Fountain* of all *true Honour* here, as well as *Happineſſe* hereafter, to *laugh at him and have him in diriſion*. Will it be no *ſhame* for him to be found, at laſt, one of thoſe *wretched* and *contemptible* creatures, which ſhall have the *door ſhut* upon

them, and be forced to *ſtand knocking* at the *Gates* of Heaven, with *ſighs* and *tears*, and like ſo many miſerable ſtarving beggars in *bitterneſſe* of ſpirit, craving admiſſion, and yet for all their ſelf-conceited Greatneſſe, be vouchſafed no more reſpectful an anſwer, then a—*Depart ye curſed*, and—*Be gone I know you not.* What *ſhame* and *diſgrace* can the *Gentleman* fear to ſuffer like *this*; when *he* who *pranced* it up and down, with no leſſe *ſecurity*, then *pride* and *vanity*, and *laugh'd* to ſee others take ſo much *pains* to go to *Heaven*, ſhall even *then*, *when* he thinks himſelf ſo ſure of all, meet with a ſcornful repulſe?

But if the Gentleman will venture *this diſgrace*, becauſe he phancies it to be yet at ſo great a *diſtance*; yet I muſt tell him he is much miſtaken to think he ſhal ſpeed much better here *below*. Is it no *ſhame*, to be *juſtly* accounted by all, who underſtand *themſelves*, a poor, ſilly, ignorant fool, ſuch an one as can pleaſe himſelf with a *toy*, a *rattel*; and can think himſelf the *onely wiſe man* in the world, when alas all they who are *wiſe indeed*, look upon him and *pitty* him, as the moſt *ſilly*, *deſpicable wretch* under Heaven?

ven? It is thus men commonly make tri al of the *Fools Genius*, they propoſe at once to his *choiſe*, a piece of *painted Glaſſe* and a *Diamond*, a *Feather* and a *ſuit of Cloaths*; that ſo by preferring the *gayer toy*, before the *pretious* or the *ſerviceable ſubſtance*, he may *betray* his *ignorance* and *ſimplicity*. Alas, Sir, what can we judg the *debauched Gentleman* to be *better* or *wiſer*, then ſuch a ſilly deluded *Idiot*, or (as we call him) a meer *Natural*, that ſports himſelf with his own *ſhadow*, and places his *happineſſe* in *dancing* about in his *party-colour'd* Coat, his Cap and his Feather? Did the *Gentleman* but know his *friends*, or durſt he be ſo much his *own*, as to entertain fewer *Flatterers*, who cover his *eyes*, and ſtop his *ears*, ſo that he neither *ſees* nor *hears* of himſelf, what otherwiſe he might; how ſoon would he grow *aſhamed* of his own *face*! Did he but know how even *all they*, whoſe *tongues* are *bridled* either by his *power* or *prodigality* in his preſence, talk of him when they are *out* of it, at their ſeveral *meetings*, doubtleſſe this would bring him *out* of *love* with his own *Gayety*, and *Prettineſs*. The *Stoick* talks of him with *contempt* and *deriſion*; the *Charitable*

Christian with as much *pitty* and *compassion*; and what a shame is it for the *Gentleman*, who always thinks himself both the *best* and *happiest* man in the world, either to *deserve* the *one*, or *need* the *other*?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but contents himself with this *Phancy*, that *he* can do as *much* for *them*, and that he can think *others* as very *fools* as *they* think *him*; and *pitty* them as much. Alas, how is he to be *pitty'd* for these *thoughts!* while-est, like a man in an high *Fever*, he makes a *Felicity* of his *distemper*, and in the *lightnesse* of his *head*, phancies he is amongst *Angels*, and in as *glorious* a condition as they. Let him consider how great a *shame*, even *this is*, to say, he can *laugh* at, or he can *pitty* he *knows not what*: *Others* know (alas *too well*) what in him they *pitty*: They have, most of them, some time or other, *tasted* of his *sweets* to their *sorrow*, but found them at last *bitter* to their *present joy* and *comfort*; Let *him* then first *taste* of *theirs*, and then let him *chuse*, whom he will make the *object* of his *pitty*. I am confident he would in the *first* place be thus *charitable* to himself.

But

But this is not all the reason the *Gentleman* hath to be *ashamed* of his present course of life. Is it not a *disgrace* for a man *therein* to be *cheated*, *wherein* he hath ever thought himself to be the *wisest* of all men; and to have such *tricks* put upon him, by what he most *confides in*, as will cast a *damp* upon all his *Follity* at once? There's no man but will confess it an *high* degree of *indiscretion* in himself without a very *strong temptation* indeed, to place his great *confidence*, and best *affections* upon a *meer cheat*: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we speak of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this *folly*. He may assure himself, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the same cheat upon him, whereby he so sadly beguiled his *wise brother* in the *Gospel*; whom in *that very night*, when he *lullaby'd* his soul into a groundlesse *security*, by presenting to her eye the *abundance* of his *riches*; he suddenly snatches away into the place of Torments, and makes this *addition* to the *rest* of his *sorrows*, that he *derides* his *former security*, & *laughs* at his present *misery*. But this is too *common* and *copious* a *Theme* to dwell any longer upon; I durst not altogether omit to mention

mention it, because I have not yet met with any think more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to *perswade* him to *sin*, then this *fear* of *shame* and *disgrace*; and if it have been so powerful to hurry him on to his ruine, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have some efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

Sect. 6. *A third Motive drawn from Equity.*

I shall but propose two Considerations more, and these are such, as much concern the *Gentleman* to entertain, viz. of *Equity* and *Honour*.

And *first*, in all *equity* and *justice* the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude*, to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reason, be thought a just requital of his *goodnesse*, who made him more Honourable than others. For it was not he himself by whom he was made *better than another man*, neither hath *he any thing which he hath not received*. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy* substance, to *suck* in *all* which

which is proffer'd it, but to *return nothing* again without a *Squeezing*: Or like a black and heavy *clod* of earth, to receive the moſt *courteous* and *enlivening raies* of Heaven, and yet requite the *bounty* neither by a *preſent cheerfull reflection*, nor a *future ſeaſonable fructification*: neitheir yet to lie like a rotten *Dunghil*, which repaies all the ſweet *influence* it participates of, in a *ſtenchy* fume, or a *generation of vermine*. He ſhould rather labour to reſemble the true Chriſtal, whoſe property it is, either to *tranſmit* or *reflect* thoſe rayes it receives, with great *advantage* of *light* to the *darker objects* about it; and of a more *viſible ſplendor* and *glory* to the *light* it ſelf. A true Diamond will not ceaſe to ſparkle in the darkeſt night, and the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that his *light ſo ſhine before men, that they may behold his works* rather then his *perſon*, (as the *Sun* gives us a clearer proſpect of the other parts of the world, then of its *own body*) and teach them much more to *glorifie his God in Heaven*, then to pay *him* a reverence upon *earth*. The *gold* was not made ſo *excellent* a Mettal, that it might lie *hid* and *ruſt* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a reception

tion of the *Princes* Image, *administer* to the *neceſsities* of Commerce amongſt the *ſeveral* members of the world. It would be a poor thing to imagine God ſhould make the *beſt* of *Creatures* for the *worſt* of uſes; or the *Nobleſt* of *Men* to be *Sathans Inſtruments* now, his *companions* and his *prey* anon. The Gentleman I know will eaſily grant himſelf to be a *Veſſel* created for *Honour*; but 'tis ſtrange he ſhould go about to prove himſelf ſo, by continuing alwaies *empty*, or refuſing to hold any thing, but the world of *poyſons*: by ſtanding (as ſome of thoſe do which coſt moſt pains in the *making*, moſt *mony* in *procuring*, moſt *time* in *ſcouring*) *idle* and *uſeleſſe*, onely to adorn and grace the *Cup-board*, and *ſhine* there, till they become *duſty* again. As *all fleſh is graſſe*, ſo is the *Gentleman* the *Flower of the graſſe*; but let it not appear in *this*, that the *graſſe* is more *uſefull*, though the *flower* more *beautifull*; neither let the *leafe* ſmell *ſweeter* then the *Roſe*. Though all *mankind* be but *Duſt* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reaſon think the *Gentleman* a part of the *Richeſt ſoyl*, and from which the *Husband-man* or *Gardenor* may juſtly expect

pect both the *faireſt flowers* and *fulleſt Crop*, as from that ground which in *it ſelf is fatteſt*, and in the *Cultivating* and *Manuring* whereof, has been ſpent both the moſt *money* and the moſt *ſweat*. Far be it from the *Gentleman* to be call'd (as we do ſometimes our moſt *fertile* fields) onely the *Proudeſt ground*, ſuch as ſwagger it out with *Poppy* and *Cockle*, and flatters the eye with many fine *Blew* and *Yellow* Flowers, but ſuch as are neither for *uſe* themſelves, nor will ſuffer the good *corn* to *thrive* and *grow* till it may be ſo. The *Gentleman*, I am ſure, would be troubled to be *thus* requited for his *care* and pains by his *field*, and ſhall not *God* be juſtly *angry* for the *like* bad uſage from the *Gentleman*? Certainly he cannot in *equity* expect the *largeſt wages*, who doth the *leaſt work*, or think he can *merit* the moſt *Honourable* reward, by *ſtanding all the day idle*; nay for hindering and Deterring others who were going to *labour in the Vineyard*. Shall the *Steward* be the greateſt *loyterer*, and moſt *careleſs ſervant* in the whole *Family*? And is it fit the *Heir* ſhould be the meereſt *Prodigal*? I am confident the *Gentleman* would

would think it an *injury* to be *thought* ſo, and is it not then as great an *injuſtice* to *be ſo*? I ſhould not have breath enough to enumerate *half* thoſe many *Honours* and *Dignities*, thoſe ſeveral *Priviledges*, and *Advantages*, *Endowments* & *Poſſeſſions* which the *Gentleman* is bleſt with above his *poorer* Brethren, and can we think all theſe, not *encouragements* to be *better*, but *rewards* and *Bribes* to and for being *idler* then others.

The *Gentleman* is apt to boaſt himſelf much of his *Noble Anceſtors* and *Vertuous Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*, that all men ſhould expect from that *tree* the *beſt fruit*, which hath the *Nobleſt root*? Men do not of *Thiſtles expect Grapes*, *nor of Brambles Figs*; but even of the *wild Olive tree* when but grafted into the *true Olive tree*, God expects the *Natural fruit*. That *Noble* perſon who *adopts* a *Clown* his *heir*, will expect he ſhould henceforward become a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this to be expected from him who is *born* the *true Son* and *heir*? The Gentleman will pull his *Cocks* head off, if he *degenerate* from his *kind*; and why ſhould his God uſe *him better*?

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The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very much of his good *breeding*, and ingenuous *Education*; and certainly it is the greateſt *happineſs* which can ſo *early* betide him, than uſually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often *more* careful of *his* ſoul, then of *their own*: who howſoever they live *themſelves*, yet will be ſure to reprove the *leaſt vice* in the *child*, and it is a very ordinary *form* of *bleſſing* him, to pray he may be a *better man then his Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horſe*, or *Spaniel*, to behave himſelf *hereafter*, as he has been *taught* when he was *young*. Alas, how many *brave* and *Generous* diſpoſitions are *flatted* and *loſt*, how many *ingenious* ſpirits are *dull'd* and *beſotted*, how many *keen* wits are *blunted* and loſe their *edg*, by being put to *delve* in the *earth*, being altogether *Cow'd* and *Enſlaved*, by the *Tyranny* of *Poverty* and an *Adverſe Fortune*; whilſt they could not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nurture* and *Cultivation*, whereby they might have been *weeded* and improved to a very high degree of excellency and *fruitfulleſſe*? How much *good* and *tractible* earth has been

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loſt meerly for want of a *Skilful Potter*, or *ſpoiled* upon the *wheel* of one *unskilfull*? Whileſt the *Gentleman* has all the aid and aſſiſtance that *Prudent Parents*, or a *rich purſe* can afford him; and ſhall he, whom God has thus bleſſed with that which may procure him as well what's *beſt*, as what's *neceſſary*, grow more *barren* under all this care and *Good-husbandry*, which is beſtow'd upon him? Shall he like a *ſtubborn* and unwieldly *branch*, ſo ſoon as ever he is from under the wiſe *hand* which would have *prun'd* and *ſtraightned* him, *ſtart back* into his *natural rudeneſſe*, and *deformity* again? Shal he be like the *Vial* or *Watch*, *one* whereof will onely continue its *even* and *certain* motion, ſo long as the *owner* forgets not to *wind* him up; and the *other* gives us its ſweet *ſound* no longer then the *Muſicians hand* provokes and *beats* it; but ſo ſoon as the *hand reſts*, the *Motion* and the *Muſick* ceaſes, and in a ſhort time, the *ſtrings crack*, and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble* Inſtrument grows *mouldy* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not moſt *unnatural*, that he who has all theſe great *advantages* in his youth, which others do often in *vain*, and he himſelf too often

when

when it is *too late*, *wiſh* to enjoy, ſhould not do ſomething whereby he might ſhew all that *care* and *coſt*, not quite *thrown away* and *miſpent*? And yet much more, that he ſhould only ſo behave himſelf, as one that knowes how readily to *forget*, whatever had coſt him ſo much *time* and *pains*, and *mony* in acquiring; and one that can now make *that* a part of his Glory, *which* indeed is no ſmall argument of *ſhame*, that he *once had* a little learning, and *might have been* a *Chriſtian*, had he not had *wit* enough to *befool* himſelf, and ſo become a *Gentleman*. It troubles me to *ſay* that very many of our *Engliſh Gentlemen* do thus *Commence* (as it were) and take *Degrees* in *Ignorance* and *Vanity*, I wiſh it troubled him as much to *do ſo*.

Again, it were but *juſt*, our *Gentlemen* ſhould think upon their *large portions* and *fair Inheritances*, and ſo take the *Meaſure* of their *Duties*, by their *liberall allowances*. To *have* an eſtate makes no man *happy*, but to *uſe* an eſtate *wiſely* may bring a man very *far* on his way towards it. O let it never be ſaid of the *Gentleman*, what is recorded to the perpetuall diſhonour of the *Young*

man (he knowes [I hope] where) that he *departed* from *Christ* becauſe he was *very rich*. It is certainly a miſtake in any man to think, a mans *ſoul* may no way *feed* and grow *fat*, upon his *wealth*: or to ſay a man may not become a *better Man*, by having *greater Poſſeſſions*. *Wiſedomes ſeven Pillars* are moſt readily *erected*, and firmly *grounded* upon a *Baſis* of *Gold*: And *Vertue* cannot there have the *beſt fair*, and *thrive* moſt, though ſhe may have a *kind welcome*, where *Poverty* keeps the houſe. Though the *treaſures* of *wiſdome* & *knowledge* lie not in the *Chiſt*, yet are they for the moſt part ſo *lock'd* up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, muſt not fail to carry the *Key* in his *Pocket*. Though *Vertue* and *Piety* may live *Quietly* and *Contentedly* under a *thatch'd* roof, and may meet with ſuch entertainment as may preſerve *life*; yet, alas, they are but *there* as in *Priſon*, and ſhall hardly obtain the *Liberty* to walk much *abroad* except there be ſometing in the *purſe* to purchaſe their *freedome*: Without this they may have what fetter'd *Captives* may enjoy, their *hearts* and *tongues*, but very ſeldome their *hands* or *feet* at liberty. What

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rare perfections might be attain'd to, and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentleman* the *poor mans ſoul*, or the *poor man* the *rich Gentlemans purſe*? What a ſhame is it, that he whom God hath bleſſed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, ſhould rather chuſe to lay it out upon an *Hobby-horſe*; that he ſhould ſuffer either *himſelf* to be a *Fool*, or *Vertue* a *Beggar*, when it is in his power to prevent both? If his *wealth* know not what to do with his *Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the *key*, and ſhe knowes how to make uſe of his *wealth*. What an ungratefull fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donors* will, nor make uſe of the gift to his *own* advantage? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her *rayment* literally of *wrought Gold*, how might the *Poore* man grow *Rich*, and the *Rich* man *good* and *happy*, did the *Gentleman* ſtudy to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the Ranting *Prodigall* waſte his inheritance by *riotous living*; or with the other *Ill-husband* and *fooliſh ſervant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or hide it in the

Earth of a *Worldly* mind?

There is a *third* obligation whereby the *Gentleman* in *equity* is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no leſſe in *Goodneſſe* then in *Wealth* and *Pomp*. I mean an *Immunity* from the *Drudgeries* of the World: *Nature* and *Fortune* both ſeem to conſent in granting him a *Diſpenſation* from thoſe *Brick-kilnes*, to which by the *Pharaoh-like* cruelty of a *Neceſſitous* Condition, many a better *Iſraelite* is ſentenced. He tugs not at the *Oares*, nor delves in the *Dirt*, nor *waſhes* his face, & *bathes* his body in his own *ſweat*; nor *lives*, as other men are often conſtrain'd to do, almoſt by a *weariſomneſſe* of *living*: But ſeems to plead an *Exemption* from that part of *Adams* curſe, whereby he was condemned *in the ſweat of his Brows to eat his bread*. Whileſt many others by their continuall *labour*, ſeem from meal to meal to *kneed* their *own* dough, and *other* mens too; and, like the poor *Iſraelites*, when driven out of *Ægypt*, to run up and down with their *kneeding-troughs* upon their Shoulders. They carry both their *Lives* and *livelihoods* to and fro in their *hands*; and by a *toileſome* improvement of the *Gentlemans* vaſt eſtate,

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pick up for themſelves a very ſcant ſubſiſtence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *ſweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a ſtrong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready ſervice of his *God*, who has made the whole *world* in a manner to ſerve *him*? certainly he never had a general *diſpenſation* granted him from all *labour*, but onely from the more *ſlaviſh* and *drudging* part of it; that the leſſe he has to care for beſides, the more time he ſhould have to care for his *ſoul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adams* growing *wanton* in *Eden*, where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it ſelfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation*, not his *toyl*, which ſent him firſt abroad to *ſweat* in the *World*, and to wage a conſtant *Warre* with *Bryars* and *Thiſtles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take ſome pains to dreſſe the *Garden* of his Soul, when all the world ſeems to be ſo much his own round about him, that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *eſtate*, he can expect no leſſe then to be driven out at laſt with a *flaming ſword* to ſeek a

Miserable *killing* livelihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truly sensible of his extraordinary *priviledges* he enjoyes, more then the rest of his *labouring* brethren do, in this *one* particular, doubtlesse we should see him more *thank full*, and lesse *Idle*; for though *leisure* be a very great *blessing*, yet is *lazinesse* a meer *Canker*, which will in a short time, if not seasonably cured, *eat* out both *Purse* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing *good*, into *encouragements* to *sin*, nor the *Means* of *Happinesse*, into the *Instruments* of *Misery*.

O what an inestimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learn much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a Soul so *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* spirit, which could never yet obtain one smile from *fortune*, but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and tossed upon the tumultuous waves, of much *businesse* and more *sufferings*, what would it not give to be blest with such a *Sun-shine*, and to have so long a *vacation* from the *world* and its *sorrowes*? None of those *distracti-*

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ons which come from the affairs of the world without him, which with ſo much egerneſſe and irreſiſtable Importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *haile* away many a good ſoul from his *ſtudy* and *devotion*, need to be ſo much as *hearkn'd* to by the *Gentleman*; who if he would but underſtand, the *eaſy* diſtinction betwixt being *carefull* and being *buſie*, betwixt *Idleneſſe* and *leiſure*, we ſhould find him betaking himſelfe to another and more cheerfull courſe of life, having *much* time to *uſe*, but *none* to *loſe*.

And ſuppoſe you ſhould ask the *Gentleman* this queſtion, and wiſh him to anſwer it according to *Conſcience*--Whether, if he had a ſervant whom he had deſigned for ſome more *honourable* and *extraordinary* employment; and to this end, had exempted him from all *Common* buſineſſe and works proper to an *Inferiour* calling, and not only ſo, but furniſh'd him alſo, with whatever he could ſuppoſe *inſtrumentall* to his work; and for his better incouragement had given him a conſiderable ſum of *Mony* beforehand; if after all this, this ſervant ſhould neglect *this* buſineſſe, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *ſmall*

concernment, or in meer *Idleneſſe*, go and *ſpend* his allowance, and *waſte* his Maſters mony in *bad Company*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *luſts*; let him tell you in good earneſt, whether he would not think himſelf *ſlighted* and *abuſed*, and for a reward, turn that ſervant *out of doors* or *into Priſon*? And why then ſhould the Gentleman flatter himſelf up with fairer *hopes*; his *charge* I am ſure is as *great*, his *care* much *leſſe*, and therefore his *caſe* can be no *better*.

I may here very ſeaſonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive*, the *Gentlemans* fair *opportunity*, not only of doing good to *himſelf*, but *others* alſo: and ſuch an *Opportunity* it is, as is indeed a *Neceſſity* of doing either much *good*, or much *hurt* by his *Example*. For the *Gentleman* ſtands upon the top of an *Hill*, and being advanced to ſo conſiderable an *height*, is thereby made ſo *conſpicuous* to the eye of the world, that his actions have an influence upon the Inhabitants of the *vales* round about him. His *Tenents* muſt for fear *Flatter* him, and many *others* will for his *favour humour* him, and there be yet *more*, who have an *Ambition* to

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be *like* him. Every *sin* in him is like an *Eclipse* in the *Sun*, whereby not only his *own* lustre and brightnesse is obscured and hid, but his rayes are with-held from the *world* below, and a *malignant Influence* scatter'd abroad upon *Inferior* Bodies. It is a very hard matter for a *Gentleman* to be bad *alone*; I dare say his heart will bear witnesse, that he owes not a few of his own sins to the powerfull *Example* of his *superiours*; and that he has very often resisted the more *sober* and *vertuous* inclinations of his *own* soul, and the more *rationall* dictates of his *own* judgment, onely out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himself Company for *great ones*; and because he was *ashamed* to be found *lesse* then a *Gentleman* in *any* thing though in *Sin* it selfe. Let him therefore consider how much it will concerne him, who is the true *Loadstone* of the *Nation*, whose *Motion* the poor *Iron soules* of the multitude with trembling *expect*, and perceiving *follow*, to turne himselfe alwaies to the *right Pole*. I wish the *Gentlemen* of our Island would remember this, that by their vices they prove not onely *Bad* in *themselves*, but *unjust* to their *Neighbours*, that

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ſo they may ſee how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation.*

The other *mark* to which I would gladly perſwade the *Gentleman* to turne his *eye*, is that which he pretends to *aime* at moſt; his *Honour* or *Reputation*; things (If you'l beleive him) whereof he is more *tender* then his *life*; but let us ſee how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot beleive he values much, what he takes no pains to *preſerve*.

The main *Character* of an *Honourable* perſon, is a great care in him, never to do any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Family* with *ſhame* and *diſparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *baſe* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at firſt *raiſed*, ſo he ſtudies to maintain it at that *height*, by ſome *noble* and *gallant* atchievement. But how truly *tender* is he of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have ſaid before) is willing to *degrade* himſelf into a *Beaſt*, and to *trample* upon

upon his *Dignity* and *Humanity* at once? He that can *bend* his proud neck to the moſt *gaulling Yoak* which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *kneeles* him down to receive ſo many loads of *Dirt* upon his back? who ſcorns not to *drudge* for the *worſt* and *baſeſt* of Maſters, and that in his *meaneſt* and moſt *beggarly* ſervice, when he ſends him out (with the *young Prodigall*) into the *field* of Carnal pleaſures, there to *feed* a few *ſwiniſh* luſts: and all this too, upon hopes of the *ſlendereſt* reward here, a few deceitful *husks*, and in dayly fear and expectation of the moſt dreadfull *puniſhment* hereafter, that of *endleſſe Torments*.

The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be ſure not to mix with any *company*, but ſuch, from whom he may reap both *credit* and *profit*; ſuch as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progreſſe*, nor *blemiſh* to his deſired *Reputation*. But alas how little do thoſe *Gentlemen* reguard either of theſe, who indeed care for no *companions* but ſuch as have made themſelves altogether the *creatures* of their *vices*, and the neareſt *Pandors* of their *Luſts*.

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The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be ſure not to mix with any *company*, but ſuch, from whom he may reap both *credit* and *profit*; ſuch as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progreſſe*, nor *blemiſh* to his deſired *Reputation*. But alas how little do thoſe *Gentlemen* reguard either of theſe, who indeed care for no *companions* but ſuch as have made themſelves altogether the *creatures* of their *vices*, and the neareſt *Pandors* of their *Luſts*.

The truly *Honourable Gentleman*, is alwaies

waies most *faithfull* and *punctuall* in the performance of his *promises*, and sheweth himself to be as *good* as his *word*, esteeming no *disgrace* like that of *deserving* the *Lie*. Every *promise* he makes, he pawns his *Honour* and *Reputation*, to secure the *performance*; and looks upon no *disrespect* as comparable with that, of not being thought a person fit to be *trusted*. But how little care do our *Gentlemen* take to maintain *this* support of their *credit*; who *swear* so frequently to, they *know* not, or *heed* not what, that they cannot possibly so much as *remember*, much less *discharge* one third part of their *Oaths*. These upon every *slight* or *no* occasion they send out in such *Volleyes*, and with so much *Inconsideration* and *temerity*, that they cannot have time to consider whether one halfe of what they swear be *true* or *false*. Nay there is one solemne *Vow*, and that the most *sacred* one that ever they made, and to a *person* with whom it most concerns them to be punctuall, and deal faithfully, I mean that at their *Baptisme*; which, alas, they so well *performe*, as that they hardly ever *call to mind*, or can *beleive* there was any *such thing* done by them:

them: Was it not *this* that then they promiſed to *forſake the Divill and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the World, with all the Covetous deſires of the ſame, and all the Carnall deſires of the fleſh, ſo that they would neither follow nor be lead by them?* In which, the engagement of their *Honour* would not ſerve the turn, but they brought their *ſureties* and *Bondmen*, who promiſed (as much as in them lay) to ſee all made good; I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all thoſe perſons who would be thought ſo ſenſible of *Honour*, that their bare *word* might at any time ſerve for their *Bond*. What they vow'd to *forſake*, they with all earneſtneſſe *follow*; and that whereby they would not be *led*, they ſweat to *Outgoe*. hugging and embracing thoſe *temptations* they promiſed to abandon, and making the *Vain Pomp and Glory of the World*, the only *Gods* they dare *love* and *adore*. If the *Gentleman* be thus careleſſe in maintaining his *Credit*, thus falſe in his *promiſes* to *God* and his *Soul*, I hope he will not think it ſtrange, if others be ſo ſcrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a *Gentleman* upon his own bare *word*.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honourable*, and esteem'd so, will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon *his* shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentleman* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeal to himself, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddinesse* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightnesse* of the *head*, which often makes the *heels* stand *uppermost*; And when we see a Drunkard *reel* and *staggar*, we all know it is the *Giddinesse* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would dayly consider their office; and how much of the *Crazinesse* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the unsetledneſse of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the World might no longer have just cause to

say

ſay (as now many are apt to do) that the ſad *diſeaſe* of this poor Kingdome, wherein it has well nigh *cough'd* out its very heart, proceeded from a *cold*, it has taken in the *nobleſt* Members of its *Body*: and that indeed is *Atheiſme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to *deſerve* that *honour*, they ſo eagerly *deſire*, let them learn to *be* and *Act* like *themſelves*, ſo ſhall they aſſure themſelves of true *Honour*, both before *God*, and amongſt *men*. Let them pluck up their *Courage*, and make it appear to the World, that they have yet ſomething of a *Noble* and *Generous Spirit* within their breaſts; that they dare yet own a *God*, in deſpight of *Atheiſme* and *Blaſphemy*, and ſtand up for his *Church* in oppoſition to *Tyranny* and *Sacriledg*: that they have *Spirits* above the reach of *Swords*, and *Souls* not to be out-braved by the terrours of the *Grave*; nor *blown* out of their bodies with the proud and threatning *breath* of thoſe that can but *ſeem* mighty, Let it once be ſeen that they have eſpouſed a *Religion* which has a *Majeſty* enough to Daunt a *Nebuchadnezar* with the hotteſt *furnace* in his *Mouth*: and an *Holy zeal*, which

which (as the brighter *Sun beams* do upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and *consume* to nothing, the most scorching *flames* of *Persecution*. When they have learn'd to take the *roaring Lion* by *the Jaws*, and pull out his teeth; when they can (with the stout Champion of *Israel*) defend the endanger'd *Church* against that great *Goliah* of *Atheisme*, which now or never appears with the *Weavers Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the Courage, to *slight* and *pity* all the *cursing Shimeis*, and *railing Rabshakahs* of the land; to scorne the Barkings of *reproach*, and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Poverty*; when they dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrifice their *lesse* lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountain of the Lord*: In a word, when they dare be *good* without *fear* of *shame* or *want*, and *Religiously Loyall* without dreading either *Beggary* or *Death*: Then shall they have *Honours* without *stain* or *blemish*; and *Names venerable* in the Mouthes of all men: then shall they set their *feet* upon the *Necks* of the *Mighty*, and *Tyrants shall bow down* under them, and they shall be set up on high with the *Rulers* of the People: then shall they

they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*, and the *bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their long *life* and *Happineſſe*; Then ſhall they be *fear'd* by their *enemies*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They ſhall have the *Motherly Bleſſing* of the *Church*, the joyfull welcome and *plauäite* of *Angels*, and the Bountifull *reward* and *euge* of their *God* and *Father*; a Glorious *Robe*, an immarceſſible *Crown*, a perpetuall *Kingdome*; for indeed *this Honour have all his Saints*.

I am really *aſhamed*, and heartily *ſorry*, that either the *Gentlemans* unnatural Behaviour, that ſtrange *Meander* of all vices, or the ſad and deplorable condition of this poore *Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reaſon*, *Honour*, and *Conſcience*, he ought to ſhow a more *filial* reſpect and Affection, have provoked me to this unuſuall length of a *Letter*: But the *Copiouſneſſe* of the Theme, which *you firſt* propoſed to my thoughts, will I know be my ſufficient *excuſe*; though the *unpleaſantneſſe* of it, together with thoſe many other *buſineſſes* which are never *wanting* to *You*, but now *incumbent* upon *me*, might afford *you* an opportunity of being more *profitably* imploy'd, and *me* more *ſuitably* to

my preſent *calling*, then in *reading* or *writing* of what here I ſend you. I ſhall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviate* of what I have already ſaid, or have more to ſay concerning the *mix'd* Theme of this letter.

§. 8. *The concluſion and ſumme of all.*

I ſhall alwaies with all readineſſe Confeſſe that I *dare* not have a low eſteem of any of thoſe *worthy* Perſons, whom the All-wiſe God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, ſeems to commend both to *me* and *others*, as the moſt *fit objects* of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*: Onely *I* hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* (and too *ſad experience* dayly ſhowes us what great reaſon we have ſo to pray) that they who *ſtand* both ſo *high* and ſo *tickliſhly* may ever *take heed leſt they fall*. *Sathan* had the Confidence upon as *high* a place (though at that *height* he met with the moſt exemplary *Humility* that the world ever heard of) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of life*: where certainly his *hopes* of prevailing muſt rationally be thought

thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempt* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wish'd for *ſucceſſe* in overturning the *braveſt Sinner*. the *Subtile Serpent*, though he deſpair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling *upwards*, & can as eaſily twiſt and wrap himſelf about the *Gilded ſpire* of *Honour* and *Nobility*, as once he did about the faireſt *tree* in *Eden*; and queſtionleſs not ſeldome with as much unhappy *ſucceſſe*, as malicious *Subtilty*. Here I am ſure, he hath the *ſame* or *ſurer* holds to *faſten* upon, and *climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The firſt aſſault he made, was upon an unſpotted *Innocence* but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the *hoped Iſſue* of his temptation, he takes the boldneſſe ao venture on an infinite *Wiſdome* in the Boſome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more *madded* with the *ſhameful* repulſe, tis likely he will fall the more *deſperately*, and ſo with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at beſt much *abated* by the baſe mixture, and too exceſſive alloy of a

Beloved Eolly. *I* wiſh it might be the *Gentlemans* good *Fortune* or *Courage*, to *ward* the ſtroak, and come of *unhurt.*

When *I* heare this inferior *world* wherein we are to breath out our *Minority*, compared (and not unfitly) to an *Inne*, or *Diverſory*; whereinto *Man*, whoſe life is a *journey* or *Pilgrimage*, onely turns in to take a nights *lodging*, that ſo he may fit and dreſſe himſelf againſt the *Morning* for a *Better* Country; *I* am ready to take the *Boldneſſe* to proſecute the *Metaphor* a little farther, and *I* would fain ſay, that thoſe *glittering*, *ſpangled ſouls*, are moſt *noble* and *honourable*, which *wiſe Nature* treats with the greateſt *reſpect* and *Ceremonie*; thoſe, for whom, as her *chief Gueſts* ſhe hath reſerved her moſt *ſtately*, and *faireſt* roomes: that *theſe*, if any, are to be thought the *Gentlemen* of the world to whom *Nature* as well as *Fortune* ſeems to pay a *reverence.*

Theſe are the *Men* who enter into the world with that *Ceremonious* ſtate and *pomp*, that would almoſt perſwade us they were ſent hither on an *Ambaſſy* from Heaven. They are indulged an *Honour* ſeemingly too great for *Mortality.* They are *admit-*

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ted into the world by the moſt *beautifull gate* of a *Renowned Parentage*, they are *uſher'd* along with all that *Pomp* and *Magnificence*, which uſe to attend our *higheſt hopes* and moſt *teeming Expectations*; and are moſt ſignificant of our *greateſt joyes*: Their *births* are congratulated, and *they* welcomed hither, with a *long* and *Methodically order'd* train of *ſolemne* and *honourable* both *Civil* and *Religious* Ceremonies. They are honourably placed in the moſt *richly* furniſhed, and *neatly* contrived *Lodgings*, of *Comely* and *wel-featured* Bodies; in adorning whereof the *Divine Art* of *better Nature*, hath beſt ſhown it ſelf; theſe are Glorioufly ſet forth by all thoſe moſt lively *Images* of *Majeſty* and *Honour*, which *Corrupted Nature* can be thought capable of receiving: All theſe are more ſweeted, by a lovely *proſpect* into the world abroad, where an *Indulgent fortune*, to give the better *reliſh* to the gifts of *nature*, preſents her ſelfe in all variety of *Dreſſes*, of *Riches Pleaſures*, *Preferments*; ever creating ſuch ſtore of New-delights as may ſooneſt *win* upon the *ſenſe*, and beſt *create* the *ſoule*.

And now, *Sir*, would any man ſeeing

all this, think it possible, that after *Name*, and *Fortune*, and the *great God* of *both*, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Desirable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentlemans* welfare; and with so much *Charitable Importunity*, have Constantly *Courted* his soul, to be in *love* with that *fair hand* which made it, to invite it to an early *sense* of its own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it *self*; to possesse it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortall here*, or Crown him *hereafter*, I mean his *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God* of *Heaven* his *Maker*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to *himself*, or so *ungratefull* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*, as neither to yeild to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the Courteous *Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicity*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King* of *Glories*, upon so honourable an *Expedition* as that of *winning a Crown*; he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very

first step; and sit down to *rest* him upon the first *cold stone* in his way, there flattering his *Childish Humour*, in the *Empty* fruition of some *Garish* but *fading vanity*? Could any man with a *rationall soule* in him, Hope to find an *Happinesse* in such *toyes* adequate to the *Immense* desires of an *Heaven-borne* substance? Alas, who is ignorant, that these *petty Glories*, and *little felicities*, which so please us *here*, cannot in any reason be thought *more* (seldome so *much*) then the *smaller tokens* of a *Father's Love*, or an *Earnest penny* to a future *Inheritance*; something for the *Child* to *keep* his *purse* with whilest he is here at School: Nay, they are so often *lesse* then this, that they amount not to so much, as those *lesse* tokens, which we use to call the *Mother's Blessing*; but are rather like the *deceitful* Gifts of a *Step-dame*, such as a *brasse shilling*, or a *Gilded Nutmeg*, the *slight kindnesse* not of a *Friend* but a *dissembling Fortune*: whereby the unwary *Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion* and *Inheritance*.

Doubtlesse, if the *Gentleman* find himself to be so much *Fortune's Darling*, or (as he

would rather have us think) the *Favourite* of *Heaven*: as to be afforded a more *tender* and *delicate Education* then his poorer brethren? I dare hardly believe all this an *Indulgence* to *sin*, but an *encouragement* unto *Holinesse*, and to go on with *Cheerfulnesse* to see what that *good Father* has in store for him in *Heaven*, who is so *liberal* to him *here upon Earth*. The Comfortable *warmth* of his *Prosperous* condition, is indulged him, thereby to preserve his soule, more *tender*, and *pliable*, *zealously* forward to receive both more *generous* and more *pious impressions*: not to *scorch* or *dry* it up into a *rebellious obstinacy*: neither to give him the *opportunity* of *melting* it away in the *soft embraces* of more *wanton* and *lascivious* delights: or to *dissolve* his happinesse into the *watery* and *shadowy* vanity of a *Carnall* pleasure. The *Golden Foundation* being laid, God expects, he should not so abuse it, as to erect thereupon any meaner *structure* then an *Heaven*. The right *use* of what he already *enjoyes*, ought to *dispose* his soule into a *Capacity* of receiving *more* and *better*, even of those *spirituall* blessings which will set him up above the reach either of an *adverse Fortune*, or a *Malicious Divel*.

If

If the *Gentleman* would be perſwaded to caſt a *Religious* eye upon the Excellent *Symmetry* and lovely *features* of his own *Body*, wherewith it is no *ſtrange* thing to find him *beautified* above *other* men; certainly he would preſently conſider with himſelf, that this *fine Outſide* was not the *onely* or *beſt* piece of work *intended*, but there ſhould be a ſuitable *Inſide* too, ſuch as may make the *man* a fit *temple for the holy Ghoſt* to reſide in: that this *ſtately* and *well-wrought Body* ſhould be but the externall *Emblems* of a more *Beautifull* and *Majeſtick ſoule*.

If it be his good luck to find his way to *Paradiſe* ſtraw'd all over with *Roſes*: whilſt other poor ſoules are forced to run *Bare footed* through *Bryars* and *Thiſtles*, *Flints* and *Pibbles*: whereby their feet are often ſo *gall'd*, that their pace proves *ſlow*, and ſo *prick'd* and *ſcratch'd* that you may trace *them*, as they their *Saviour*, into *Heaven* by their *blood*; he ought *wiſely* to conſider, that this entertainment ſhould not *retard* him in his journey, neither make him Phancy that he is already *in* the *Garden*; and therefore may *ſit* down, or *roll* his ſoule upon

upon these sweets to a *satisfaction*; alas, the more he thus *tumbles* upon them, the sooner will these *tender Blossomes fade* and *wither*: They are onely scatter'd in his paths, that by their *fragrancy* his decaying *Spirits* may be restored and *cherish'd*, that he *faint* not ere he reach that *garden* where growes the *Tree of life*, and *never-perishing Flowers* of *sweetest pleasures*, even at *Gods own hand for evermore.*

If the *Gentleman* may boast of his honourable descent, from a *vertuous*, and if so, a deservedly *renowned* family, how much will it concern him in *Honour* and *Duty*, to provide that his *Children* by his vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as *he*? It will certainly be a greater *disgrace* to *him*, when his *Son* shall be constrain'd to say, he had a *Worthy Grandfather*, then it can now be his *Glory*, that *he himselfe* can tell the world he had a Deserving *father*. Can he imagine it halfe so *Creditable*, to swagger it out with the old *Name* and *Title* of his *rotting Ancestors*; as to manifest their yet *surviving Vertues* in himselfe their *Genuine off-spring*? what a pitifull Credit must it needs be for him, to show a

stranger

ſtranger a firme and ſubſtantiall *foundation*, laid by his *Anceſtors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and ſumptuous *building*, if all this while he have neglected by his *own virtues* to adde a *ſuperſtructure*, *proportionable* to ſuch a *Ground-work*?

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perſwade him he has a *right* unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the means he uſes to make the world believe him; he ſeems not ſo well to Conſider. Is it a matter of ſuch Credit, to ſhow us, how well he can put on his *Fathers old Cloaths*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin*? Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentility*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was *given* him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* do, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Pariſh*? Let him ſay, what other *title* it is *he* can pretend to, who by his own *perſonall* merits cannot *purchaſe* his *name*? What does he leſſe then *pick* up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-mans table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has juſt ſo much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and onely *breaths* by the common and Ignoble

noble *breath* of the *People.* What does the unworthy *Gentleman,* but goe from *doore* to *doore* for an *Almes* of *Honour*? One throws him in a *Sir,* another a *Master,* a third a *Good-your-Worship*; and with these few *scraps* he makes a shift to preserve *alive* his *meagre* and *raw-boned Reputation.*

A *name* that thus feeds onely upon the *fragments* of *charity,* is not like to *grow* truly *great* in haste: And a *Reputation* so long *worn* already without *mending,* is too *vile* and *cheap* for a true *Gentleman* to appear abroad withall. The *Cloak* must needs be very *thread-bare,* that is so *old,* and has bin so *ill used*; It were more *Noble* to weare a *New one* of his own *buying,* then that of his *Great grandfather,* which at best he can by his *scantling virtues* onely fill full of *patches.* His *Fathers Honour* can be his but at *Second hand*: and to be proud of an *Hereditary title* onely, is but to raunt it in a *Dead mans suit,* and like him, whom he too often Imitates, after his *fathers death,* to *fright* the world by *appearing* in *his likenesse*; for when we come more narrowly to examine the *Reality* of what we *think* we *see* in him, we find *nothing* but a *cheat* and *Delusion* of

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the *ſenſe*; we *catch* at a bare *Apparition* for a *ſubſtance*; or at beſt *graſpe* a ſenſeleſſe *clod* of cold *clay* inſteed of a *Man*. What is it to be thus ſollicitous after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to wiſh the *Herald* were a *Broaker*, And that he might buy *old ſcutcheons*, as he may *old Cloaks*, becauſe his *Merits* will not amount to the *price* of *New ones*. Whileſt he thus opens his *Preſſe*, and ſhowes it to be well-lined with the rich *apparell* of thoſe who lived *before* him, he does no more then what often his Fathers *Page* or *Lacquey* is able to do: Nay I ſhall be bold to ſay it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of *himſelf* or *me*, that he who ſhowes his *Fathers Bearing*, without ſome *Honourable Addition*, *due* at leaſt, if not *given* to his *own* vertues, has but little more reaſon to boaſt of his *Gentility*, then his *Fathers Fool* or *Fidler*, whom I have often obſerved to bear his *Maſters Coat* upon his *Livory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earneſt Conſider, how much all *wiſemen laugh at him*, even in his *Fineſt* Cloaths; and how much more all *Good men* doe *pitty* him, when they ſee him with all his *borrow'd Bravery*, delight to *tumble* in the *Mire!*

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He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, must look no lesse carefully *before* him, on what yet *remains* for *him* to doe, to *maintain* his *Honour*, then *behind* him, on what has been already done by his *Ancestors* to *purchase* it. *Honour* has a very *delicate* palate, and loves to feed upon *fresh Diet*; and very much *Nauseates* the *Moulded Offals* of *Antiquity*. No *broken Dishes* come to her *table*, neither can she subsist by *Chewing the Cud* after the largest *feasting* upon the *Grandfathers deserts*. The *sharp* teeth of *Time* will at length enter deep into the *Marble Monument* under which the *Fathers Ashes* are laid to *rest*, or at least the *Injurious Dust* will fill up and hide the fair *Characters* thereupon in which perhaps *alone* the *Honour* of the *Son* stands legible. It can be no *long-lived Honour*, where the *Patent* is onely a *Dead-mans Epitaph*. It will therefore highly concern the *Gentleman* in due time at least to lay a *New gilt* upon the *Old letter*, that so he may transmit an *Honourable Memory* of his *name* to late *Posterity*, rather under his own *hand*, then his fathers *Seal*.

The *stateliest* Pile, yeilds and stoops by little

little and little to the importunities of *Age*: And 'tis rare to see a building left by the *father* so *firme* and *weather-proof*, but it will require some *repairing* before the Death of the *Son*. A *Good-husband* will therefore make haste even to prevent his *fears*, and not expect an *Invitation* from a visible *ruine*; knowing that it is a *Necessity* not deserving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the *declining* wall; Neither will a *Prudent* person *cover* a dangerous breach in the wall of his house with a superficiall *plaister* or *paint*, thereby to Cozen the World into a false Opinion of his Counterfeit *thrift* and *Providence*, till a sudden *fall* of the whole house discover at once his *folly* and his *Policy*; In vain shall the *Gentleman* by the bare *shadow* of a vertue endeavour to make the world believe he wants not the *substance*: He must by the *reall* and *undissembled* excellencies of a *Generous* soul, *sincerely* devoted to the service of *Religion* and *Vertue*, both adde many *Sollid Pillars* to support the *Old*, and lay a firme *Basis* for a *New* structure.

A *Fathers good name* deserves a *reverent* memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow lesse renowned, by being

ous

out-ſhone in the *Sons virtues*: It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetuall *entailment* of *Honour* upon all ſucceeding *poſterity*; The beſt *Gentleman* holds his *Nobility* but by *Leaſe* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at leaſt in every *life*; when a good round ſumme of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his *Fine*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentlemans* rent, the *Church* and *State*, and he that payes not at his *day*, to either of theſe, forfeits all.

It is no ſlight ſin to ſuppoſe *God* ſo vainly *Prodigall* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well diſpoſed of when placed in *Swines ſnouts*, where they onely ſerve to root up the *Earth*, and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Ruſtick*, and *Plebeian* ſpirits fitted by the *hardneſſe* of their *Nature*, to *dig* and *plow* the ground, theſe are the *Out-labourers* of Gods great *Houſhold*, who by the greatneſſe of their *Neceſſary* Drudgery, take off much of the *Burden* from the more *refined* ſort of Mankind: The *Gentleman* God has choſen to be as it were the *ſteward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*; and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour

endeavour a due discharge of so great a *trust*. No *Lyer*, much lesse, a *Spend-thrift*, can be a member of *his* Family, we know the certain wages of such *unfaithful servants*. He then that thinks himself exempted from all that hardship, which many others by a *leaden soul* and an *iron body*, besides the course usage of an *unkind Fortune*, are *naturally* or *casually* sentenced to, takes a very *preposterous* course, when he arrogates to himself a *licence* to do *ill*, or to do *nothing*: If the *Gentleman* would be *valued* above others, it is but reason if we require him to make it appear, that he is of better *mettal* than others which is to be judged of, not by the *colour*, but *service*.

I would not see the *Gentlemans soul* sitting in his *beautiful body*, like a *breathlesse Idol* of *God* in a *Temple* of *Silver*, there to be *worship'd* by *all*, but do *good* to *none*: It is not fit it should be thought only such a *fine gay* thing, as is sometimes by the choisest of *Natural endowments* and *Artificial accomplishments*, *embellished* into something more than ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into such a slight superficial *glosse*, as may make *it*, as well as his *body*, *admired* & *gazed* upon

by a few *ignorant* worldlings; Neither should it be his business to get his *Body* always *New-molded* to the varying humours of the *Court*, and *trick'd up* in all the late invented *Gauderies*, *Gorgeous Accoutrements*, and *Gingling trappings*, wherewith the *Levity* of *Art* has made bold to *overload* and *abuse* the *modesty* of Honest *Nature*: He that has no *Nobler* a *Soul* or *Body* then these, may still be no more than a meer *Carcasse*, such as, if it expresse any *motion*, seems rather to be *actuated* by the multitude of crawling *vermine* within it, sprung from it's own *corruption*, then by a true *rational soul* inspired by *God Almighty*. All the *Salt* of *Wit* and *Ingenuity* which such a person usually so much brags of, will not be enough to preserve so *putrid* a Lump from *stinking* above ground.

In a word, *Sir*, the true *Gentleman* will labour so to qualify his *soul*, that he may be disposed to do a *service* to his *God*, in some proportion answerable to those several *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*, whereby he has so *blest* and graced him in the eye of the world: Seeing *God* has been pleas'd to advance him some degrees above the *multitude*,

multitude, he takes care to raiſe his *ſoul* too to that ſpiritual *heigth* and *pitch* of true *Piety* and *Holineſs*, that when thus advanced in *outward* dignity, he may not ſeem a *Dwarf on Horſeback*.

And becauſe the *Common Gifts* of the moſt *Bountiful Nature* will not put a man into a capacity of performing his part to the full in ſuch an employment, much leſſe will *idleneſſe* and *Negligence*: It ſhould be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and reſign himſelf wholly up with all his *pleaſures* and *Intereſts*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that ſo by the *Prudent Induſtry* of a *Learned* and *Godly Inſtructor*, ſeconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *golden parts* made truly *bright*, and be, as it were, midwifed afreſh unto ſuch a *perfection*, that he may not, by the *low* and *beggarly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *diſcredit* to his *Lord*, or a *Scandal* to that *calling* he profeſſeth. God delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud* attendants; and although he is many times pleaſed to fill up his *houſe*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with thoſe who have not been very much befriended either

by *nature* in a *noble birth*, or by *Fortune* in a *plenteous* and *prosperous life*; yet doth he long to see his *Religion graced* and *credited*, with a long train of such as the *King hath delighted to honour*.

And (blessed be God!) the *care* of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learning* and *Piety* in this *nation*; such as may afford a *breeding* to our *Young Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended *employment*. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be *unstocked* with such *hopeful* and *generous Plants*, as may there *grow* and *thrive*, till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *grace* and *good Literature*, as well as of *Years*, that they may in due time become, not onely *strong*, but also *curiously polished Pillars* for the support of those two Glorious Fabricks of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the special *Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably born*; so by his special *Grace* too, they may indeed *live*, both truly *profitable* to his *Saints* here, and as truly *glorious* with them hereafter.

Thus (*Sir*) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*; and, as largely and fully, as

as a little *time*, leſſe *leiſure*, and yet fewer *abilities* would give me leave; *I* have given you my preſent *thoughts* and *wiſhes* concerning our *Engliſh Gentlemen*. *I* have ſent you (I fear) a very little *Kernel* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuſe whether you will take the pains to *crack* it, or throw it into the *fire*. Whatever it be that here you receive, as *your Commands* gave it *birth*, and *my Confidence* of your *goodneſſe*, has taught it to *ſpeak* and go *abroad*; ſo does it now ſubmiſſively expect your *ſentence*, whither of *life* or *death*. Do what you will with all the *reſt*, ſo you do but vouchſafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

Your moſt humble and
obedient Servant.

THE END.